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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXVI. No. 670. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1943 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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THE UNFINISHED BATTLE

We have at least one reason for gratitude at the end of 1943. By the fifth Christmas of the war we are reasonably sure that the Nazi attack on European civilisation will suffer military defeat. The Nazis are not to be in a position to impose slavery for liberty, racial thuggery for equality and German national rule for international fraternity. Yet we are only at the beginning of the job. Even the soldier's part in the struggle for the principles on which our society is based is by no means over.

The Russians have begun their winter campaign with a big attack between the Dvina and the Dnieper at the hinge joining Germany's north and central armies. It is significant that the Russian army group which has begun this attack is no longer called the "Kalinin" front, but the "First Baltic" front—a term suggesting wide objectives. Developments on the Eastern front during the next two months, combined with the R.A.F.'s destruction of German cities, might of course be such that the coming British and American offensive in the West could be carried through comparatively easily. But such a complacent speculation, which we only mention because so many people appear to entertain it, should not for a moment be allowed to remain in our minds. Mr. Churchill was right when he recently reminded us that the battles of 1944 are likely to be savage and costly in human life. The Germans will have had three years to prepare the defences of a coast whose landing possibilities are as clear to them as they are to us, and if they are still able to provide large forces for the Western front, we in this island have to be prepared for a critical and exhausting struggle.

No superficial observer of this island would imagine that we were prepared for any such test. We seem at the moment more interested in Christmas parcels, elusive turkeys and crowded railway trains. But the complacency is not deep. When the strain comes the British public will meet it and not complain, provided that the preparations for the offensive are adequate and the leadership unhesitating. One word of warning. Every few months for the last two years the authorities have talked with more or less confidence of a coming Second Front. Asked to explain the delay, they have always pleaded technical difficulties. These unspecified technical reasons have on each occasion been real enough, but they have been real because of an earlier decision not to give priority to the pecuilar requirements of the Second Front. There is this difference between the pledge of 1944 and the earlier declarations: since Teheran the commitment seems absolute. There can no longer be any plea of unpreparedness. The psychological and political repercussions of failure next year would be far greater than those of the collapse of France which led to Dunkirk in 1940. This offensive must be a success.

The task, however, set before us only begins with the military defeat of Nazi Germany, and the main part will still remain to be accomplished when the Japanese war machine is also overthrown. It is not only in Germany and Japan that men reject the democratic basis of our civilisation; throughout Europe the resistance forces have to encounter not only Nazis, but their own Quislings. In Britain and America, too, there are plenty of powerful people who detest the idea of human equality and who have no thought of subordinating their own power to the claims of human justice. There were two main reasons for urging in the past that the Allies should not rely on bombing, but should launch an attack as soon as possible on the Continent of Europe. It is not merely that bombing is as indiscriminate as it is undecisive, but that until men imbued with the idea of liberating those who are oppressed by the Nazis actually land on the soil of Europe, there can be no chance of rebuilding on a democratic foundation. Our fear, too, has been that the prolonged strain of waiting in vain for succour would lead to despair and demoralisation.

In every part of Europe to-day there is evidence of the justness of this view. As the forces of resistance grow, so does Nazi savagery; as hunger increases, so does apathy; as destruction mounts, so does the disorganisation not only of German control, but also of the material basis of society itself. We write elsewhere this week of the pitiable state of Southern Italy, where Allied landings have not so far meant liberation, but rather the regrouping of Fascist forces under different disguises, accompanied by an increase in misery and hunger. This is not, we know, British or American intention; it is the result of failure of imagination and the irrational desire to maintain a financial system, and with it a king and a social order, which cannot in the nature of things last for many months.

Our case is pointed by an example of a happier development in Yugoslavia. Here is a resistance Government which genuinely represents the popular forces of the peoples who compose that country. At last, after a fantastic delay, authorities recognise the facts and pay due tribute to Marshal Tito and the movement he leads. Everywhere on the Continent similar forces are at work. How long has been the battle to persuade those in power in Britain or America that partisans and guerillas can be important from a military point of view! How obstinate has been the effort to evade the political implications of a war of liberation!

What has happened to the spirit of our democracy when we do not ring bells of victory because Italian democrats meet for the first time for twenty years? We seem to be led by people who wish to frustrate our victory. Would anyone be mean enough to object to sending more food to hungry people even if it meant some cutting down of the shipping that now safely comes to these shores? How can those who believe this to be a war against Fascism make sure that arms are sent to those who use them against Fascists, even if their politics may not be exactly ours? In 1943 we have struck a poor and niggardly vein of British leadership; the brave and generous mood of 1940 is dissipated, but it is not too late to see to it that 1944 is really a year of liberation as well as of military victory.

Marshal Tito Wins

The agreement reached in Alexandria between the mission from the Yugoslav Army of Liberation and British military representatives is likely soon to be followed by a similar accord with General Eisenhower. All possible aid is to be sent to Tito's forces. The next step should be our recognition of Tito's political leadership. It is no longer possible for anyone to pretend that there is more than one legitimate Yugoslav Government, or to bolster up the discredited clique that has surrounded the unfortunate King

Peter. No doubt this is a severe blow to people in Britain and America who have expected that their support for these reactionary Serbs would yield financial and industrial rewards in the future. But for the fighting Croats, Serbs and Slovenes the formation of a popular representative government is a step nearer the day when their country will be politically and economically free once more. The National Liberation Committee has now stated that it will not countenance the King's return during the war, nor will it recognise treaties or international obligations undertaken by King Peter's successive cabinets. Mr. Eden may seek some face-saving formula for the monarchy, but whatever form this takes it cannot disguise the fact that the democratic forces have won an important victory over Yugoslavia.

Hungarian Opposition

Throughout the war the Hungarian Dictatorship has permitted a mild opposition to function in the Parliament at Budapest. News now arrives that two of the best known and bravest of the Hungarian Social Democrats, Karoly Peyer and Anna Kethly (who was well known on international Labour platforms before the war), are accused, on the initiative of the Hungarian General Staff, of being accessories to an act of high treason. According to Scandinavian correspondents, these deputies are accused of having knowledge of a treasonable letter from Turkey which was sent to the Chief Editor of *Nepszava* and of failing to report it to the military authorities. The letter concerned "Hungary's foreign political position, stating that Hungary can reckon upon the Allies' indulgence if the country proves its anti-German attitude by acts of sabotage." Parliamentary immunity has been withdrawn in the case of these two deputies. Whether the Government intends to stage treason trials is not yet clear. In any case, we judge that the Nazis and the Horthy Government fear that as the prospect of German defeat grows more clear and criticism is stimulated by the Stalin-Benes pact, the Hungarian opposition may become too real and too dangerous to tolerate. And that, we believe, will happen, trials or no trials.

The Kharkov Trial

The Russians have chosen three of the more brutal Nazis responsible for mass murders and hanged them publicly in Kharkov. This is a demonstration designed to warn the German soldiers that they will not be protected, if they commit atrocities, by pleading orders from their superiors, and to assuage the feelings of Russian people, driven by outrages to demand blood for blood. The procedure was a preliminary investigation in private followed by the public condemnation of men who confessed their guilt. As a legal process in time of peace there are obvious objections to this form of justice. As a drum-head court-martial the procedure has great advantages. The alternative to summary executions of particularly revolting criminals would probably be an indiscriminate mob-vengeance in which those who most deserved to die would have the best chance to escape. The full panoply of law is unsuited to this business of war criminals. The best procedure would be an international court-martial of soldiers to deal with soldiers; and, as Professor Goodhart has pointed out in the *Times*, if we are talking of the greatest criminals of all—the Hitlers and Mussolinis—no law exists applicable to their crimes. Whatever is done will be a political act similar to the decision to keep Napoleon in St. Helena.

Revolt in Bolivia

The overthrow of the reactionary but pro-Ally government of General Penaranda by an army Junta is further evidence of the inadequacies of Allied diplomacy in Latin America. Fascism has now spread from neutral Argentina to one of the United Nations. For there is every reason to believe that the success of the June putsch in Buenos Aires has had a big influence on the present *coup d'état* in Bolivia. The army leaders were able, as were their counterparts in the Argentine, to use popular criticism of the old regime as a road to power. The recent debates in the Bolivian parliament must have convinced them of the instability of the Penaranda government, and with the aid of demagogic anti-capitalist slogans they were able to mobilise the decisive sections of the people in their support. Although the new government has declared its intention to stand by its international undertakings, it should be remembered that similar declarations induced the Allies to recognise the Ramirez putsch last June. It may be that the revolutionaries intend to remain nominally at war with Germany. But they have already seized the valuable tin mines and it is likely that they will try to secure yet higher prices for their products. If they provoked intervention by the Allies, the whole of the Southern Hemisphere would be in flames. Yet, if they are allowed complete freedom internally, we shall soon see further revolts among Bolivia's neighbours, further successes for Axis diplomacy.

The I.L.O. Confer

The Governing Body of the International Labour Organisation has been meeting in London to make preparations for the full Conference which is to meet—probably in America—about the middle of next year. The Workers' Group has already put down on the Conference agenda a series of proposals for reorganising the I.L.O. in readiness for the work it will need to do after the war. One proposed reform is that in future the I.L.O. shall be financed directly by the member States and not indirectly as part of the League of Nations. A sequel is that the scope of the I.L.O. shall be widened to include all the economic aspects of labour and social problems; for many difficulties have arisen in the past owing to the uncertain lines of demarcation between it and the economic and financial sections of the League machine. A third proposal is to set a time-limit within which States will be called upon to ratify Conventions definitely adopted by the I.L.O. Conferences. Hitherto there has been no obligation upon member States to ratify such Conventions. They have only been obliged, without any time-limit, to submit them for acceptance or rejection to their legislative organ—i.e., in most countries to Parliament. These proposed reforms all seem to be on the right lines. Clearly, the I.L.O. will have a much better chance of taking up its work again with effect after the war if it is not tied to the League. There is, indeed, much to be said for transferring the League's Health Organisation and a good deal of its economic work bodily to the I.L.O., and also for giving the I.L.O. definite functions of superintendence of labour standards in colonial and other backward treatises.

Mr. Bevin on Coal

Mr. Bevin made quite an explosion when he intervened in the debate in which some M.P.s were criticising his coal mines ballot plan. Not content with turning upon his Conservative critics with an expression of his gratification that they were discussing at last what sort of an occupation mining is, he went on to insist on the necessity of a thorough reorganisation of the mining industry with a view to post-war needs. Speaking in effect to his own Cabinet colleagues even more than to the House, he insisted that the Government could not leave the industry where it is, and he went on to say some hard things about the conditions under which the miners have been compelled to exist. It was altogether a refreshing speech, after what we have been used to from Labour Ministers and also from the Labour Front Bench these past two years. It has, of course, to be considered in conjunction with the common knowledge (a) that coal output is still going down; (b) the owners are still obstructing the pit bonus scheme to which both the Government and the miners have agreed; (c) the Foster Report about mining conditions has not been put into effect (Mr. Bevin promised to take this up with the Minister of Fuel and Power); and (d) the Government's latest scheme for mining reorganisation is eyewash, and will probably have the effect of increasing the power of the big colliery companies over the mine managers, thus making Government control more unreal than ever.

PARLIAMENT: The War Debate

Intimations that the second day of the debate on the War Situation and Foreign Affairs would be an improvement on the first were correct: speeches generally reached a high level, and Eden's winding-up was more skilful than his opening.

Wedderburn started it off with a neat Shakespeare quotation:

> Let us rear
> The higher our opinion, that our stirring
> Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
> The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

He was, in general, thoroughly satisfied with the Government's war strategy: "When you find you have an advantage, you should exploit that advantage to the utmost" (the popular forces in Italy?) and "we have created in the Balkans" a situation most uncomfortable for the Germans ("we"?). None the less, it was a thoughtful Tory speech. In reply to Mander, who had said that European nations should not be free to choose Nazi or Fascist forms of government, Wedderburn said, "No Government in the future is ever going to call itself Nazi or Fascist. It will try to discover whatever title or designation may prove to be most gratifying to the hon. Member for East Wolverhampton."

Members of all parties reinforced Eden's repudiation of Smuts's ill-advised remarks about France, or declared that they should never have been published. Harold Nicolson, in a speech of power and eloquence, said that from the resistance movement would emerge *une France pure et dure*. George Strauss gave a critical commentary on Portugal's supply of wolfram to Germany, which must have been more pleasing to the Ministry of Economic Warfare than to the Foreign Office. Members came crowding from the library and smoking room when Aneurin Bevan's name was flashed round on the tickers. They were not disappointed: as the Tory M.P. who broadcast last Saturday's "Week at Westminster" remarked, this was the outstanding Parliamentary performance of the week. Many of Bevan's *mots* have already been widely quoted (". . . 'the soft underbelly of the Axis'? We are climbing up its backbone" and "the Allied High Command have approached . . . the Italian mainland like an old man approaching a young bride—fascinated, sluggish, and apprehensive"). He had a devastating quotation from an article by Salvemeni denouncing Victor Emmanuel. It is only to be regretted that he had apparently devoted more midnight oil to polishing up his wisecracks than to perfecting his grasp of the Yugoslav and Greek situations. Eden felt the pinpoints of his attack; but they did not quite get through his skin. If available information had been used just a trifle more tellingly and factually, Eden would not have been able to skate away with "There are quite a lot of things I was longing to say as he was speaking." But it was a brilliant and memorable speech—like dry champagne after the Canberra sherry or tepid cocoa of most Parliamentary discourses.

Belisha (now said to be running neck-and-neck with Shinwell for the Cabinet Gold Cup) made another of his weighty and statesmanlike contributions. "Even if I have made errors in my past," he said, "that would entitle me to take a more constructive view of the future"—an interesting thesis. So he advocated European federation—a hopeful pointer towards which seemed to Sir Ralph Glyn, who spoke next, to be the *Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits*.

The House broke up for the Christmas vac after an inconclusive half-day on Newfoundland and the usual Adjournment-day variety show, terminating appropriately in an old-fashioned slapstick harlequinade featuring Captain Cunningham-Reid, his Little Mary, and the Titian-haired ex-Pasionaria of the Treasury Bench, Miss Wilkinson herself.

PONTIFEX MINOR

THE PRICE OF LIBERATION

As the year draws to its close our thoughts turn on the achievement that lies behind us. The triumphs have fallen to the Red Army. Nothing that our arms have achieved can stand comparison with the recovery of all of Russia that lies between the Volga and the Dnieper. The retreat from Stalingrad to Kiev foretells the doom of the Nazi Empire. But we and the Americans have to our credit first of all the expulsion of the enemy from North Africa, then the fall of Mussolini and finally the liberation of Sicily, Sardinia and Southern Italy. As a symbol and an omen, we may dwell on this year's work with satisfaction. It has gone slowly; it may not rank as an outstanding military feat: but we have gained a substantial foothold on the soil of Europe and won back for freedom territory from which it had been banished for twenty years.

From this standpoint we would single out as the most salutary event of the year the public meeting held last Saturday in a Neapolitan theatre by the democratic Opposition. For twenty years no public political meeting has been held in Naples or any other Italian city, unless the Fascists called it. Least of all has any meeting been possible for the Opposition. During two decades in this peninsula opposition by word, act or printed sign has been an offence which the ruling party punished with a systematic brutality from which there was no escape. The day chosen for this meeting was, indeed, the anniversary of one of its bestial exploits—the beating, as it turned out, to death of the Liberal leader Amendola. The meeting listened with perfect assent to speeches which expressed fundamental opposition both to the King and Marshal Badoglio. It is certainly no matter for congratulation that this perjured and unpopular King is still on his throne. How often has he broken faith—to the Constitution he swore to defend, to the League's Covenant, to his former allies? But the work of our armies has not been in vain if they have made it possible for such a meeting as this to be held within a day's march from the Front. It seems, however, that Amgot forbade a conference of delegates which the Opposition wished to call, but so far gave way as to permit a meeting in honour of Amendola's memory. It comes to this, then, Italians are solidly opposed to the regime we support and recognise. After imposing total silence on them for some months, we now permit them, under restrictions, to say so.

After such open expressions of Italian opinion, for how long can the present regime maintain itself? Marshal Badoglio has pledged himself to resign his office when Rome is won back. It is clear that no public figure whom Italians respect can form a Ministry under this King. When that is demonstrated beyond a doubt, can he and his no less unpopular son refuse any longer to abdicate? Thanks, however, to the Allies, the King still retains one support. The broken army is said to feel a measure of respect for the old soldier who led it to victory behind a rain of mustard gas against the naked tribesmen of Ethiopia. What, in such a context, does the word "army" mean? Does it mean more than the senior professional officers? They come as a rule in Italy from landowning families, which owe their prestige and their relative wealth to the exploitation, with no compensating service on their part, of the patient toil of the peasants. No one in England ever speaks of this Italian military and landed caste, as we all speak of the Prussian Junkers, as if it were a danger. The fact is that it lacks both the intelligence and the military qualities of the hereditary Prussian officer, nor has it at its command the advanced heavy industry on which he relies. But it has, none the less, in Abyssinia, Spain, Albania, France and Greece a record of aggression second only to that of the Nazis. As a personality, this King is of no importance, but the House of Savoy has its significance as the traditional head of this landed and military caste. Are we going to burden the Italian Republic of to-morrow with an army of this type, as after the last war we burdened the Weimar Republic with a long-service professional army? The Italian army is little use to us in our struggle with the Germans. The only conceivable purpose it serves is that it backs the King, staves off any genuine democratic revolution (which means in concrete terms, the land for the people) and may be trusted to fire on the masses, when Badoglio orders it to do so. One after another of the correspondents on the spot warns us that the purge he professes to be carrying out is a farce. The notabilities of the Fascist regime are still at their posts, beginning with the chiefs of the police—the most dreaded, brutal and corrupt of all the Party's servants.

When we turn from the political to the social picture, there is even less to be said for Amgot's administration. We have liberated Southern Italy from the Nazis only to expose it to starvation. The ration of bread is nominally five ounces daily, but over wide areas of the country no bread at all is available. In one district, as the *Times* correspondent tells us, the people are living on apples; in another on figs and nuts, and he does not scruple to use the ominous word "famine." It seems that much or most of the home-grown wheat, together with other foodstuffs, vanishes into the black market, where it is sold at 20 to 40 times the controlled price.

What went wrong? Amgot, we are told, has received only two-thirds of the quantity of wheat it demanded from overseas. Shipping, we know, is short, but it is intolerable that this plea should be repeated in Italy, as it was in Bengal, to excuse famine. If shipping is, indeed, short then let our ample rations in this island be cut for a time. Again, the scarcity is known to be due, in part, to the reckless behaviour of the British and American troops, who have too many *lire* to spend, at too low a rate of exchange. The pre-war rate was 70 *lire* to the pound; our authorities have fixed it at 400. We do not pretend to know what the rate should be: but this figure spells ruin for the people we have liberated. For some years our propaganda has been holding the Germans up to execration because the arrival of German armies has meant a country stripped of goods. The test has now come to us. In Italy, we are coming out of it very ill. An army of liberation ought not to buy all there is in the shops and send the prices of restaurant meals sky-rocketing so that only a few wealthy inhabitants can afford them. Doubtless, as in India, it is lack of foresight rather than conscious selfishness that is to blame. But when lack of foresight leads to widespread starvation, if not to famine, it is shameful that we tolerate it. Should not the occupying armies live on their rations, instead of encouraging profiteering and black marketing? This situation calls for review by the inter-Allied Commission. But the decision to correct this rapacious exchange rate can only be taken in Whitehall—and Washington. It must be taken quickly. For this aspect of Italian conditions represents a problem which will recur in all other liberated countries. The French, in particular, are greatly concerned lest the unwarrantable dollar-franc rate originally fixed in North Africa at 75 frs. to $1 may be applied, with ruinously inflationary effects, to Metropolitan France.

MR. BUTLER'S BILL

Save in one respect, Mr. Butler's Education Bill follows pretty closely the lines of the White Paper. The essential difference is that, in the Financial Memorandum accompanying the Bill, the provisions for Technical and Adult Education have been considerably increased. The White Paper's allowance under this combined head was so ludicrously small that one wonders how it can ever have been put forward; the entire appropriation for the first five years would hardly have been enough to build one reasonably equipped Technical College. This is now changed. During the first five years Technical and Adult Education together are due to get over £21 millions, as against the White Paper's £500,000; and the ultimate annual cost under this head is now scaled up from £2,700,000 to £8,700,000. Even the amended estimates are on the low side in relation to the need; but they do, at any rate, indicate a change of attitude.

Unfortunately, we are given no clue to the splitting up of the proposed amount between Technical and Adult Education. There is, however, a very great difference between the two. Technical Education is a service which requires expensive capital provision, and has for the most part high running costs. Adult Education, on the other hand, is a very cheap service, and likely to remain so unless it is very greatly expanded on the residential side. Technical Education could still easily swallow the entire appropriation allowed for both services, and be left asking for more. Adult Education should surely have its own provision guaranteed, and not be left in danger of being squeezed out by legitimate claims of Technical Colleges.

There is, no doubt, a great deal to be said for keeping these two forms of education closely related. Technical Colleges already do a great deal of work that extends beyond the narrowly technical range, and ought to do much more. Indeed, some of them ought to turn into Community Colleges or Civic Universities serving a wide range of needs. We shall need either to increase considerably the number of our Universities, or (perhaps better) to provide a new kind of Community College in which both technical and commercial education and the instruction of teachers and social workers can be carried on side by side with less vocational kinds of work. How such a plan would fit in with the Bill it is not easy to say; for University education falls outside its scope and it makes, in the absence of the McNair Committee's Report, no specific recommendations about the vital question of the training of teachers.

Another urgent problem with which the Bill fails to deal is that of fees in schools not fully provided by the Local Education Authorities. The Fleming Committee, in its majority interim report, recommended that fees should be abolished in all schools receiving grants from public funds. The Bill does not adopt this recommendation. It abolishes fees in secondary as well as primary schools provided by the L.E.A.s; but its wording implies a continuance of fee-charging in "auxiliary" schools—the new term which will cover in future both "non-provided" elementary and State-aided secondary schools. The effect will be that whereas in one town secondary education will become free to all, in other places, where the secondary Grammar Schools are aided and not fully run by the L.E.A.'s, there will remain a fee-charging section, with thoroughly bad results on the character of the education. "Purity of prestige" in secondary education, which is supposed to be the object in view, will not be reached in this way. This "snob" element in Grammar Schools education will be retained and bolstered up.

These are the Bill's sins of omission. It does not cover the "Public Schools," or even the Grammar Schools which are partly dependent on public funds. It leaves these latter suspended between the public and the private (*alias* "public") educational systems. True, the Bill does apply public inspection and licensing to all schools outside the State system; but this much-needed reform is directed not at the "Public Schools" but at the host of schools run for private profit, often under the most unsatisfactory conditions. The enquiry into Private Schools held a dozen years ago revealed a scandalous situation which has since got even worse;

and it is to be hoped that these Augean stables of education will at last be thoroughly cleaned out. Some advanced educationists seem to be perturbed about this provision for fear it may endanger the relatively few Progressive Schools. But this is unlikely to be a real danger, in view of the concession of a right of appeal to an independent tribunal. The inspectors and the tribunal are likely to find their hands quite full enough in dealing with the manifestly inefficient and fraudulent without attempting to impose any censorship on Dartington or Mr. A. S. Neill.

We turn now to the parts of the Bill which will affect the larger numbers. It is to the good that a positive date is fixed for raising the school-leaving age to 15 without exemptions. True, the operation of this Clause can be postponed for anything up to two years; but we do not feel like quarrelling greatly with that, in view of the uncertainty about when the war will end. We could have wished that a date had been simflarly fixed for the further rise to 16; and we are still more uneasy at the statement in the Financial Memorandum which implies that the Young People's Colleges (the new name for Day Continuation Schools) are not expected to begin operations until the year 1948–49. This is surely a colossal blunder. The fall in educational efficiency as a result of the war is such that boys and girls who are leaving school now are probably in many cases short by a full year of peacetime standards. To defer the Y.P.C.'s until 1948–49 is to deny these young people the further education of which they are sorely in need, and to perpetuate for a full generation the war's ravages.

At the other end of the scale, we are left somewhat uncertain as to what it is intended to do about Nursery Schools; and here again the Financial Memorandum throws a thoroughly sinister light on the Board's plans. Nursery Schools are down to cost £10,800,000 in a full year when the plan is in complete operation; but the provision for them is only £500,000 in the first, and but £3,000,000 in the fifth year. As against this, the proposals for dealing with the problem of mentally or physically defective children are, on paper, excellent, though they cannot be checked by the financial test, as no separate estimate is given of their cost. It is an excellent thing that the need for certification of defectives is to be swept away, and that a definite obligation is to be put on L.E.A.'s to make all the varied provision required.

It is also a good thing that, in the general educational system, the sharp distinction between elementary and other education is to be swept away, and replaced by a single system of three stages—primary, secondary, and "further" education. It is a good thing that the three types of secondary school—Grammar, Modern and Technical—are treated together; for this presumably implies common standards of staffing and equipment, and a common scale of salaries for teachers in whatever branch they are enrolled. There is, however, the danger that, in working out new common standards for secondary schools, the Board may set aside the terribly urgent problem of raising standards at the primary stage by reducing the size of classes and providing better buildings, and also by improving the pay and conditions of teachers. The Bill tells us nothing about the Board's plans in these respects.

As for the "non-provided" schools, the Bill has all the defects of the White Paper. Church schools are to be allowed to remain even in "single-school" areas, where the Church bodies can comply with the (unexacting) financial conditions. It is to be made as easy as possible for the denominations to entrench themselves in the new field of public secondary education—the Modern School; and religious instruction is to be made compulsory in all publicly aided secondary as well as elementary schools. Parents are, of course, to be allowed to withdraw their children; but we presume few will care to do so. In effect, the Bill entrenches religion firmly in secondary as well as primary education, both under "agreed syllabus" conditions and by giving wide facilities for denominational instruction.

A word must be said about the administrative provisions. The smaller Education Authorities (the Part III's) are to go, and administration is to be entirely under the auspices of the Counties and County Boroughs. This is to the good; but the Board seems to have leant over backwards in its desire to placate the smaller areas. Devolution of power upon district committees is to be pushed to startling lengths—so far that there is serious danger of the Bill meaning in effect not larger, but smaller, real units of policy-making. This can be very bad, especially in the fields of higher and technical education; and it is to be hoped that these parts of the Bill will be subjected to the closest scrutiny. Devolution has its place; but it must not be pushed to the length of destroying the policy-making authority of the bodies which exist to unify education over reasonably large areas.

To sum up, Mr. Butler's Bill, despite its omissions, should mean a long step forward in British education. But if the Bill merits this qualified praise, the opposite is true of the Financial Memorandum which accompanies it. If this holds the field, we can whistle for a long time for any substantial educational advance. Presumably what has happened is that the Treasury has been sitting hard on Mr. Butler's head, and that education as a whole has been refused high priority among the Government's reconstruction plans. The ultimate cost of Mr. Butler's schemes is put in the Memorandum at £80 millions a year; but its cost in the sixth year of its operation is put at less than half this sum. Even if we deduct from the larger figure the cost of raising the leaving age to 16, which is presumably about £20 millions, it remains true that the estimate for the fifth year is only half the reduced total. For the earlier years the estimates, except for Technical Education, are quite ludicrously small; and if it is found necessary to postpone the raising of the leaving age to 15, there will be, except for Technical Education, practically nothing left. This simply will not do. The Young People's Colleges must be brought forward; improvement in Primary and Nursing Schools must be speeded up, and the Government must get ahead much more quickly than it seems to intend with the building and equipment of the new Secondary Schools of all types. Parliament, we hope, will focus its attention on the Financial Memorandum.

CAPITALISM'S FIFTH COLUMN

> Here is a culture . . . which believes that things order themselves best under this scrambling private struggle for pecuniary gain, and that the society as a unit should plan and do as little as possible so as not to interfere with this beneficent private scramble . . . in which private business tempts the population with adroitly phrased invitations to apply the solvent remedy of more and new possessions . . . to all the ills that flesh is heir to—loneliness, insecurity and frustration.
>
> *Middleton in Transition*, by H. M. and R. S. Lynd.

THE twenty years' armistice was the hey-day of sales propaganda—adjunct of a capitalism which, in decay, becomes increasingly anti-social. In that critical period of its Imperial destiny the British nation, which devoted annually £50 millions to education, spent on advertising at least £150 millions a year. That outlay, inordinate in terms of human energy and materials consumed, has gradually been contracted under the pressure of the second world war. At first, in the "phoney" phase of hostilities, advertisers endeavoured without scruple to cash in on the war effort; patriotism was invoked as a reason for consuming alcohol or tobacco, on "Smoke for Victory," and "Every Pint helps the Chancellor" lines; for using cosmetics ("his (her) neat head won him (her) a stripe"); and even for buying advertised, but questionably efficacious, A.R.P. contrivances and incendiary extinguishers. Gradually, with growing scarcity of paper and tighter restrictions on the production and marketing of unessential and marginal goods, display advertising, in the form of immediate exhortations to buy, has dwindled.

But by no means to vanishing point. Mr. Lyttelton has assured manufacturers of Government help in the preservation of goodwill in branded goods; and advertising appropriations can be offset painlessly against Excess Profits Tax. Thus, not only are the trade-marks of many foodstuffs, drinks, cigarettes and patent medicines which are still being marketed kept steadily in the public eye; there is the recent renascence of nostalgic "As Peace Returns" advertisements of currently unobtainable goods ("When the Mess has toasted the King, talk turns to days of * * * Sports Cars once more"; and even pet dogs are enjoined to "Wait for the Armistice and unlimited meals of * * *.") This foreshadows what we must expect if pre-war conditions of high-pressure selling in what is euphemistically termed a buyers' market return.

Can the people of this country afford, either economically or politically, to tolerate this particular form of regaining happy days? These questions are prompted by a wholly admirable little book* in which Denys Thompson analyses with brevity, wit and acumen, the economic utility and—much more important—the social influences of persuasive advertising. Against strictly informative advertisements—houses to rent or sell, books published, new products available for architects, gardeners, collectors and other potential buyers with ability to discriminate—he (rightly) makes no case. His inquiry is into the cost and effects of the sales propaganda which aims at increasing or creating mass incentives to spend, and whose exponents have claimed that advertising guarantees good quality, cheapens prices, mitigates industrial depressions, brings luxuries within the reach of all, and raises the whole standard of living for the civilised man.

Mr. Thompson's rebuttal of these claims is convincing. He proves, with numerous examples, that poor values (and sometimes noxious rubbish) can be successfully foisted on the consumer by sufficiently large outlays on advertising; that branded goods, sold with the added lure of costly packages, very frequently cost much more than unbranded and unpackaged goods of equal quality; that advertising, like hire-purchase credit, tends to be expanded in booms and curtailed in slumps, thus actually intensifying swings of the trade cycle; and that the benefits of mass-production can be spread without the need for costly high-pressure salesmanship. There remains the contention, which one hears from advertising consultants, that stimulation of appetites induces people to earn more money by working harder, and thereby increases the community's wealth. Samuel Smiles might have concurred; but, in the pre-rigor phase of monopolistic capitalism, this proposition is quite untenable; the average individual worker has little or no control over the rate of production, and industries' profitability is only too frequently maintained by managerially imposed output restrictions.

Advertising, like all other means of forcing sales, is in fact the by-product of a social organisation which has failed to distribute purchasing power equitably or even (in economic terms) efficiently. When the mass of consumers can afford to buy, the seller of desirable goods meets with no difficulties in display of them. The function of pre-war advertising, in an irrational society, was to cope with a sales situation in which the basic needs of the well-to-do fraction of the population had been satisfied (so that, in their case, only an itch for non-essential expenditure could be profitably aroused), while in the great mass of the population incentives to buy could mean only diversion of basically insufficient spending power to objects whose value the purchaser could not determine and no responsible social authority had endorsed.

The case against advertising, however, does not rest solely on the proven charge that it is pure

* *Voice of Civilisation*, by DENYS THOMPSON. *Muller, 7s. 6d.*

waste. Mr. Thompson places us in his debt for the clearest exposition which I have read of the twofold dangers of advertising to social progress. There is, first, the influence which advertisement revenue exercises over the press in the direction of (*a*) promotion of news conducive to expenditure, (*b*) suppression of news calculated to diminish confidence of manufactures and buying by consumers. Mr. Thompson's instances could be multiplied. From personal experience in Fleet Street I recollect the many precious news columns devoted—at a time when Hitler was marching on the Rhineland—to chronicling the movements of profitably advertised Pleasure Cruise liners. One recalls the untimely demise of a series of articles which began a critical examination of the oil industry in its bearing on international relations, and the stern blue-pencilling of the column of a medical consultant whose advice, that constipation might result from excessive ingestion of starch, coincided embarrassingly with the initiation of an "Eat More Bread" campaign. There come back to me memories of journalists whose sole job was to create news in support of advertising campaigns—for canning factories, for Cornish flowers, for winter sports, for better and brighter (morticians' benefit) funerals.

More was doubtless lost on Mohač Field. The social consequences of this degradation of journalism need not, perhaps, be too seriously regarded. Much graver is the consideration that reluctance to frighten off advertisers was largely responsible for the extent to which certain mass-circulation newspapers deliberately lulled the public between 1937 and 1939 into a false sense of security. The same motives accounted for initial hostility to rationing; and they can be relied on to produce after the war a press clamour for the indiscriminate removal of all restraints on consumption and all "controls" on materials—regardless of the fact that their maintenance is likely to be essential, both nationally and internationally, if chaos is to be avoided.

The influence of advertising, however, affects opinion by other and more subtly pervasive means than the debauching of editorial independence. The advertiser must have confidence in future profits, and thus is opposed to all disturbing social changes. (Note the significance of such pre-war advertisements as: "Your telephone, the democratic instrument of a democracy," or "*The village inn . . . the very school of democracy, where no foreign beards wag, no dangerous doctrines spread, where all men are equals.*" What a travesty of rural England, but what an opiate!) It is not necessary, however, to assume that advertisers act consciously as agents for the Tory Party; they exercise their functions as capitalism's fifth column unconsciously and of necessity. The community which they can most profitably exploit is, and must be, one composed of men and women in whom the instinct of competitive acquisitiveness has been maximised at the expense of social conscience, and who have been conditioned to respond (as Hitler taught German youth to respond) to all the least commendable emotional appeals.

Inferiority complexes and fear (of loss of lovers through B.O., of night-starvation and hosts of improbable diseases, of unemployment "because the boss liked well-dressed clerks"); emulation of the rich (the tobacco smoked by ambassadors, the Duchess of Wrexe's face-cream, the whisky drunk by "the people who matter"); herd instincts ("*everyone* enjoys ———"), and the conviction that the good life (attainable, of course, if you save money by smoking * * * cigarettes) is represented by the personal acquisition, and rapid replacement, of material possessions—these are the characteristics of the citizens who suit the advertiser's purpose. They are characteristics of a mindless, selfish society taught to believe that cash over the counter is the key to happiness. They are not characteristics of a people ready to face the "blood, sweat and tears"—the intellectual integrity, moral purpose, and willingness to subordinate immediate satisfaction to future plans—which will be entailed in constructing, after the war, a world worth having.

AYLMER VALLANCE

A LONDON DIARY

MANY people who are by no means Churchill fans felt their hearts sink last week when they faced the possibility that the country would have to look for a new leader. The Deputy Leader, Mr. Attlee, has everyone's liking, but wields no authority. The two men in the Cabinet with the most capacity for leadership are both ruled out at least for the moment—Bevin because the Tories wouldn't have him anyway, Morrison because so much of Labour wouldn't have him. The most powerful person in the Government because of his detailed, unimaginative grasp is Anderson, and there has been some talk that he might act as a sort of Prime Minister for home affairs. As Chairman of the Cabinet Committee which deals with the Home Front, Anderson in effect has held this position already. But he has no public gift and could not possibly be an effective leader. That leaves us with Mr. Eden, who has all the graces and, in foreign affairs, a good understanding. But Mr. Eden in my view will always remain a secondary figure: he gives one no feeling of strength. He can pull off a diplomatic success, and he is undoubtedly popular with the country; but there is a difference between being popular and giving people the feeling that you are a man to follow in a tight place. That is Mr. Churchill's peculiar quality. He is built in a bigger mould than his possible rivals. Of course, great men in these days are often built up by press, radio and the rest of it, but Winston has the sort of personality which gains by first-hand acquaintance. He is not larger on the screen than he is in real life. I can well imagine a time coming again when many who now admire him will regard him as their worst enemy; but, whether friend or enemy, he will never seem small.

* * *

Stalin's decision to change the Soviet national anthem is not surprising. The words of the *Internationale* sound inappropriate in the context of modern Russia—and after all it was never intended to be "national." The new song is more suited to that pride in their Socialist fatherland which is so clearly characteristic of the Soviet people to-day. I suppose those of us who listen to Radio Centre, Moscow, from time to time, will miss the familiar brass band rattling through the *Internationale* against a background of chimes from the Kremlin clocks. But it doesn't make any real difference. Communists will go on singing it, and once a year the delegates to the Labour Party Conference will stand respectfully as it is played on an organ. They may even feel a good deal easier about it now. I am sure that there will be some hand-rubbing and metaphorical back-slapping in Langham Place, though I must say that since the first reluctance was overcome in 1941, the B.B.C. have done the *Internationale* proud. It will be interesting to hear the new song when it comes into effect next March; one can tell nothing from translation of the words.

* * *

M. Antier, Secretary of the French Consultative Assembly in Algiers, is here on a short visit. Many of its members have scattered for the recess; M. Antier to England, others to Equatorial Africa and other parts of the old French Empire. In talk with M. Antier I gathered that the Assembly has assumed more power than the outsider has commonly expected of it. If this Assembly can pass a vote of confidence in the present Government, is there not, then, the assumption that it can also pass a vote of "no confidence"? In any case I think this Assembly is really the forerunner of a French Legislature; it is as representative of France as any organisation outside France can be, and it is beginning to function like a properly constituted democratic body. Indeed, it is more representative than ever before of the coloured people of the French Empire. Talk with M. Antier reinforced my impression that General Smuts's statement that France was "gone" was about as foolish a statement as ever came from a reputedly wise man. Everything that suggests a denigration and underestimate of France, anything that can be made to look like the desire of Britain and America to belittle France, exacerbates an already oversensitive French nationalism and helps that school of French thought which wants to suggest that we are cashing in on the French Empire in its days of weakness. If we too can modify our imperialism, a far more progressive form of consortium, which offers a future for Arabs and others who have ancient rights in the Mediterranean, may become possible. I wonder how far M. Antier, who describes himself as a man of the Right, is symptomatic of the new France. He is far from being chauvinistic and welcomes the idea of a "closer union" with Britain and of economic federation inside Europe.

* * *

How far is Hitler still controlling German strategy? Almost certainly he was personally responsible for the decision to launch the final and, for Germany, nearly disastrous offensive against Moscow late in the autumn of 1941. Now in his broadcasts from Moscow, General von Seydlitz has stated categorically and with abundant circumstantial evidence that the Führer insisted, against the unanimous advice of all the Army Group generals, on ordering General von Paulus, when the Russians counter-attacked at Stalingrad, to allow himself to be cut off and to convert the whole of the 6th Army into a gigantic "hedgehog," dependent on supplies by air. Hitler had got away with a similar military stunt for two divisions the winter before; he meant this time to do it with twelve divisions. All the generals told him this was madness and that the air supplies could not reach Stalingrad. At this point, Seydlitz declares, Göring came forward and personally guaranteed the air supplies. How far did the fatal consequences of this Hitler and Göring experiment result in the professional soldiers reasserting their authority? Nobody knows. Not long ago General Dittmar, the radio spokesman who seems to be inspired by the German General Staff, referred to the Führer's notions of strategy as being "incomprehensible by the process of cold reasoning." Yet the tactics employed by the Germans during the offensive against Kursk last June, when close phalanxes of tanks were recklessly hurled against Russian artillery, seemed to bear marks of Hitlerian fondness for experiment, to say nothing of an amateurish underrating of the opponent's strength. Even to-day, the furious German efforts to regain Kiev are reminiscent of the Führer's previous refusals to face facts.

* * *

Robert Blatchford, who died last Friday at the age of 92, was a great figure in his day. He was at his best a really first-rate story-teller, a journalist with a tremendously wide human appeal, and a matchless propagandist. *Merrie England* probably made more Socialists in the Nineties than even Keir Hardie did; and *The Clarion*, which Blatchford founded and edited, was a great force in its day. Later, Blatchford fell foul of many of his old friends when he began denouncing the German menace in the *Daily Mail*; and when, on his wife's death, he took to Spiritualism, he alienated many who had relished most vigorous attacks on the inhumanity of the Churches in their attitude to the bottom dog. *Nunquam*, as he often called himself, was never a deep thinker; he was a man of strong human emotion, who came to Socialism because he was deeply stirred by the dreadful conditions of the slum-dwellers and above all of the slum-children, for whom he engineered his once-famous "Cinderella Clubs." As the lump of visible human misery grew less, Blatchford's popular appeal faded. But some of us can remember the day when Clarion Clubs, Clarion Vans, and Clarion almost everything filled the Labour movement with a feeling of human fellowship it sorely misses to-day, and when Robert Blatchford was the hero of thousands upon thousands of young people who were learning to be Socialists and at the same time drinking in the spirit of decent comradely behaviour and willing service.

Allan Laing, most brilliant and polymorphic of competition winners, has invented a new kind of Christmas card. It is a duplicated booklet of *Prayers and Graces, a little book of extraordinary piety.* Some of them are old favourites, like the epitaph of Martin Elginbrodde. Others, like this harvest thanksgiving prayer from Dean Ramsay, are new, at least to me:

> O Lord, we thank Thee for the abundance and safe ingathering of all our harvest except for a few fields between here and Stonehaven.

Parallel this with one taken from the American Press:

> O, Lord, we ask Thee for a Governor who would rule in the fear of God; who would defeat the ringleaders of corruption, enhance the prosperity of the State, promote the happiness of the people—O, Lord, what's the use of beating about the bush? Give us George W. Briggs for Governor! Amen.

Another admirable beginning is:

> O, Lord, Thou knowest that we are about to have a little bazaar. . . .

The collection contains two graces by Allan Laing himself; the first is called *A Benison on High Tea in Wartime:*

> Upon this scanty meal, O Lord,
> Bestow a blessing in accord:
> Pour Thy grace in measure small,
> Lest it more than cover all.
>
> Bless the tiny piece of ham:
> Bless the lonely dab of jam:
> Bless the sparsely-buttered toast,
> Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Mr. Laing should write another grace to be said before eating a black-market turkey. CRITIC

GLAD TIDINGS

Commercial life will remain in danger for some years, and from commercial danger follows the danger to all those hopes of a better world that depends upon the solvency of our national finances.—Lord Woolton, December 8th.

"God help you, hopeful common men,
Let none be led astray,
On programmes for a better world
There is but this to say,
For signs and wonders do not look,
Bad times are on the way:

O, news of discomfort and care,
Shortage and care,
O, news of discomfort and care!

"We cannot save our shrinking trade
Or make employment sure
Until our business chiefs produce
An economic cure;
In reputation we are rich,
In wealth we shall be poor.

"Much more is our internal debt,
Our income is much less
From gold invested overseas
Which did these islands bless.
Let no one hope for miracles
Or ask for promises."

So spake unto the common men
The herald Minister
With warnings of lean days to come
For many and many a year,
They all would be with victory
Less well-off than they were.

And as they hearkened to his voice
They mused upon his fame,
And how his plan of rationing
War-shortage overcame
By pooling all material foods
And sharing out the same.

And from his Yuletide speech they guessed
That hope must not abound,
But be doled out to common men
Like foodstuffs by the pound.
But if they try to ration hope
It never will go round.

O, news of discomfort and care,
Shortage and care,
O, news of discomfort and care!

SAGITTARIUS

PLEA FOR THE HOMELY PEN

THE lush sentiment of the Dream About A White Christmas swept across the world last year and it is now doing so again. Its rhythmical banalities embody such fundamental truth and so many fundamental virtues that I have no doubt it will turn up like Tipperary—meaning more than its words or its music can convey—for many years to come.

On Christmas Eve 1942, we listened to it on a troopship approaching the tropics and by common consent switched it off as being "a bit much." Somebody said then that at least Christmas Day would stop the B.B.C. putting the thing out: and we then leant over the rail and, every man jack of us, dreamt of a Christmas which never was, that Christmas which every exile carries as a fantasy in his memory.

Nevertheless upon the mud-sodden airfields of Sicily and beneath the dripping unripe oranges beneath Vesuvius this autumn the tune came back. Maybe an American soldier would start it: maybe an R.A.F. corporal would finish it. In time no doubt the co-belligerent Italians will sing it all through. It was in the air: and the reason for it was, as the stores used to advertise, "so many shopping days to Christmas."

That means that men are selecting hand-made slippers on the Gold Coast, seeking artificial snow in Cairo, packing up boxes of oranges in Algiers, buying coral necklaces in Naples, haggling over silver in the native markets of Omdurman, worrying about the probable duty for sending a bottle of rum from Trinidad. The men overseas shop early, shop intently, and envy the very string upon the parcel which is going to their own home. Then they prepare for the day, the day which only mail from home can make into a semblance of Christmas.

They make the best of Christmas. Go to Tobruk and see the frescoes of plum puddings upon ruined walls, with a *collage* of the cotton wool powdered with sand. Go to an airfield in Central Africa and applaud the traditional serving of the men by their officers. See them on the high seas stringing the much worn paper chains in half a gale. It will be a good show, wherever it is. Deep inside every man however there will be a contentment which only comes from thoughts and recollections of home.

Do you, cursing the weather, queuing for buses, working long shifts, worrying about the points, consider the men overseas? It is not a matter of being sorry for them: they are not sorry for themselves.

They are men though, whose present is a job, whose private lives, hopes, recollections, aspirations, tenderness, lie in the past and in the future. Your present is full, within familiar surroundings, among friends, amid the thousand comforts of acquaintance and humdrum. Their minds, their daily job being done, turn much on the future, held politically and economically by the "people at home" in trust.

It costs him shillings to tell the wife by cable that he loves her. The man at home, at his unluckiest, can pick up a telephone.

That precious future can be endowed by people at home, the people who at this moment are writing New Year mail for overseas. They should write more. Men in exile wish to know the most ordinary things. They want to know about the garden, how things did, how other people's things did: the feel and smell and texture of English autumn or winter. They want to know how life goes on, the simple anecdotes of the street, the village, the township. They don't want to have a gap in their lives. Letters from home should fill that gap. They want to hear about plans for now and for the future in the family and in the community. They want to know what people are wearing, eating, drinking, how much it all costs. They may or may not care about politics (they are albeit the potential electorate), but they will be interested to hear how you are reacting to the war, to Beveridge, to recent events in Parliament. They will have heard many facts in the impersonal but able radio news of the Overseas B.B.C. They need them brought down to earth, made real.

All these needs could be satisfied by strolling into a pub or by chatting in a train in England. Overseas they discuss them among themselves, but hampered always by a sense of being out of touch.

With Christmas coming this is worth saying because I have seen them buying their presents months ago and in Britain now I have seen people sending their greetings overseas. Spiritually and emotionally the feast of children brings intimately together those exiles making the best of it in distant places and people here in Britain in the familiar parlours, shops, churches, and alleys. That intimacy, so essential to the war and that precious future of peace, can only be engendered and maintained by homely pens writing airgraphs, airmail cards, letters, the traffic of morale.

JOHN PUDNEY

THE SPUD MACHINE

I HAD been in the Army less than a week, and everything was still very awkward. The metal buttons were like knife-blades; trousers smelt of chemicals; blankets would not fold, and my boots felt like loaded battleships. And that morning the Sergeant had asked, on parade:

"What mucker 'ere 'as got Lunnon Matricla-tion?"

Incautiously, I had raised my hand.

"Well, tike yer bleedin' Matriclation with yer an' see if it'll 'elp yer peel them spuds they got in the cook 'ouse."

Potatoes were not peeled in the main kitchen, but in a damp little room next door. Sprawled around its dank walls were six soldiers seated on tins, old sacks, and broken chairs. Beside each was a pile of potatoes, and in the middle of the room a large tub of water into which the peeled ones were thrown. The men were working hard, with expressions of fanatical despair. At my entry they stopped simultaneously and looked up. One of them spoke. He was the smallest and a Cockney.

"Well, don't stand there like that—peel the bastards, peel the bastards, peel the bastards."

I took up a knife, and found the first few difficult; I almost succeeded in cutting my fingers. But soon I was finding it unnecessary to watch my hands. As I was a new-comer a certain amount of interest was taken in me. I had come from the great big outside world.

"Bleedin' awful job, this," said the Cockney, who was obviously their spokesman; "we 'ave ter peel four thahsand spuds a day. That's abaht six-fifty each. While you lucky sods are ahtside. Doin' drill. Gettin' 'ealthy. Keepin' fit doin' P.T. An' us poor muckers are dahn 'ere, workin' our fingers to the bone, so that you"—and he pointed at me—"can 'ave yer dinners."

He sounded very sincere, and I thought of the old theatrical adage, "The Show must Go On." The others nodded their heads in silent agreement. Then a heavily jowled Northerner joined in: "Them spuds give me the 'ump. Whenever I walk down the street and pass the grocer I can feel the spuds' eyes starin' at me from the top of me 'ead to me boots. And the last time I went on leave, the first thing the missus asks me to do is peel some spuds." He spat into a corner. "Sod the spuds."

It seemed indeed a pretty wretched life. All day long they peeled, from 9 a.m. till 5 in the evening. Four of them had been at it for six months, and in consequence their outlook had become a trifle warped. Their ideas seemed to extend no farther than this little room, and their conversation no farther than potatoes. I took a closer look at the place. The walls were sweating, and the atmosphere was thick and heavy. The Northerner, as if sensing my thoughts, said:

"Christ, and the air down 'ere. It stinks. You could cut it"—and he described an arc with

his knife—"out and take it 'ome . . . that's if you wanted to."

Looking about me, my eye fell on a shelf, above and opposite. On it, covered with dust, stood a large box-shaped apparatus. It rather resembled a shoe-cleaning machine, and I wondered how on earth it could have found its way into this unfortunate room.

"What's that on the shelf?" I asked the spokesman.

"A machine," he answered briefly, not looking up from his potato.

"Yes," I said, "I can see it's a machine. I was wondering what sort."

Slowly and firmly he replied:

"It's a spud-peeling machine. Leastways, it *was*."

"A spud-peeling machine!" I said. "Good God, man, why on earth don't you tell the Sergeant about it? If you explain it's broken, and that you want to do some training, he might tell the Sergeant-Major, and he might tell the Company Commander, and he might tell the Commanding Officer, and then perhaps it might get repaired. You never know your luck. If it was repaired, you'd all be free."

My speech had much the same effect, I imagine, as a depth charge exploding among a bevy of submarines. They were all up in arms, all talking at once, and was it my imagination or did I really see their fists tighten on their knives?

"You'll do *what?*" growled the spokesman, raising his voice above the rest. The "what" echoed right round the room. I thought it might be wise to make myself quite clear.

"I was just suggesting," I said, "that you might tell the Sergeant-Cook about this potato-peeling machine. Since it's broken. Perhaps he'll see if he can get it repaired."

The men looked sullenly, dangerously quiet. The spokesman continued, somewhat relieving the tension.

"Yus. You would, you would, you would. You bleedin' well would. Go and tell the bastard Sarge, would yer?" There was no time to answer, for he quickly continued: "Go and tell the mucker abaht this . . . this . . . muckin' spud machine."

For a second I was dazed. Then I exploded.

"But for God's sake—why shouldn't he know about it?"

"Why shouldn't 'e know abaht it? Why shouldn't 'e . . . 'ere, 'Arry!"

He turned to one of his cronies. "D'yer 'ear that, 'Arry? 'E wants ter know why 'e shouldn't 'ear abaht it."

I was getting a little bored with this constant repetition, and was about to say so, but he started again.

"Jesus Christ. Why shouldn't 'e know? Ain't yer got enough sense in yer 'ead ter see that we've *worked* for this job? Goin' sick, day in, day aht, just so's we can bash these spuds?" His voice took on considerable pathos. "Yus. We've worked for this job. Worked reel 'ard. What more could yer want than a nice, reg'lar, steady job, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.? No bastard drill. No bastard P.T. Forty-eight hours off every other week-end. What more could yer want?"

He opened his eyes as far as they would go, and his mouth sagged. He looked miserable. Then, quite suddenly, he reverted to normal, and began ranting angrily.

"An' now you come along, tryin' to muckin' spoil it for us. Yus. Muckin' spoil it for us. Do've never done yer any bleedin' 'arm in our lives. D'yer know that if that bleedin' machine was mended," and he pointed at it furiously, "we're aht of a job? We'd be back on that bastard square again with that bleedin' Sarge. Left, right—left, right—*left*." He imitated his enemy. "They've mended that muckin' machine once already. That time we just broke one of the bands. Next time we'll . . . we'll . . . ." For a moment words failed him, and then he found them. "We'll fill the bastard with sand. *Yus.* That's what we'll do."

I saw that it was time to beat a retreat. They had all stopped peeling, and were staring at me balefully.

"Sorry, boys," I said, "but I've got to go. The Sergeant told me to report back to him at 11.30."

Outside the door I caught a few words.

"Mend the bastard . . . bands . . . sand. . . ."

On parade that afternoon the Sergeant asked if anyone had got the 'Ighet Certilicate. But I knew that the latrines needed cleaning.

JOHN RHODES

DRAMA

ROBERT SHERWOOD'S *There Shall be No More Night*, at the Aldwych Theatre, is the most moving war-tragedy yet seen upon a London stage, and it is so sensitively interpreted, not only by that accomplished pair Miss Lynn Fontanne and Mr. Alfred Lunt but by their rapidly assembled cast, that we never feel we are being dragged towards the fountain of tears. I was even as much inclined to marvel at Mr. Lunt's evidently infectious imagination as a producer, as at the pathos and vitality of his own remarkable acting, or the curiously subtle restraint of Miss Lynn Fontanne's. (Presently I must try to find words to describe that.) From each and all he had secured his or her proper contribution to the total effect, so that, remembering the performance, to single out one passage of acting seems like injustice to the others. Yet I must mention a few things that gave me particular pleasure in the playing of these smaller parts: the odious ominous suavity of the Nazi scientist, Dr. Ziemssen, the light sympathetic pessimism of Uncle Lionidas, the very quiet, laconic dignity of the Polish officer, and the inarticulate Tommy who, utterly incapable of giving the vaguest account of his own motives, flares at the merest suggestion that his family might not understand them. These characters have been deftly and rapidly drawn by the dramatist, and they were admirably played. But then so also were the young lovers, so were the cheery young Americans who take goodwill for granted, creating and bestowing it whenever they appear. On Mr. Norman Williams, as the radio journalist, a good deal of responsibility often rested for holding some scene together, and his prompt unostentatious naturalness invariably met it—but I must expatiate no longer upon those minor parts which nevertheless contributed so much.

About this play two facts are widely known: that from March, 1940, onwards it made a prolonged and profound impression in the United States, and proved in the sphere of art the strongest counter-influence to American isolationism all through the years of black disaster which followed; and, secondly, that it originally dealt with the invasion of Finland by Russia, and not with the Italian invasion of Greece. But it is not generally known that with the exception of the most trifling changes (place-names and surnames) the play we see now is exactly the same. The characters are the same, their speeches are the same, and the dialogue is unchanged because the *theme* is the same. In the first version the Nazi Dr. Ziemssen told the Finnish Dr. Kaarlo Valkonen (a Nobel Prize winner) precisely what he tells Professor Karilo Vlachos (ditto). "*We* are your enemies, Herr Doktor." And the German expounded *in the same words* the Nazi creed that weaker nations are never to be allowed to rise again, that inferior races must be slaves, that "for the first time since the whole surface of the earth became known, one dynamic race is on the march to occupy that surface and rule it," adding that "the blue prints of this plan are not to be found in *Das Kapital* but in *Mein Kampf*." When in the theatre I heard these words I took for granted they were an interpolation. No: they were part of the version of 1940. Already the dramatist had divined the real enemy, and his play had been written and performed to show this, long before America as a nation had espoused The Cause, and while international-minded Americans were still regarded by the mass of their countrymen as "war-mongers." I believe I am right in adding that much of the play's rich earnings went straight to help us in our need.

The power of this play to stir and fortify rests upon its tragic quality. It is a tragedy. It has nothing to do with victory and only remotely with hope. It is conceived in the spirit of that old Anglo-Saxon ballad of defeat, celebrating the Battle of Maldon, 991; also the spirit of Winston Churchill's speeches in our darkest hour:

> The will shall be harder, the courage shall be keener,
> Spirit shall grow great, as our strength falls away.

That is why it does us good also today though prospects are increasingly better.

It fortifies us, too, because it was born of an agonised conflict in the dramatist himself. This enabled him to feel intimately and project those elements in Isolationism which also lurk to-day behind the opinions of all who can still only half-heartedly assent to a desperate, hideous yet necessary war: the optimistic pacificism and benevolent scepticism of those who simply can't believe that Germans, with their superb individual qualities, are nevertheless as nationals hopeless and are born (not of course biologically) enemies of human happiness. I was slow to believe myself that the German ethos (what the German people admire, imitate, bow before) cannot be changed by prosperity and friendship, but only through the suffering of absolute defeat.

It is the ethos of a warrior people and its moral beauty is as baleful as its moral baseness. In the realm of sound, in music, the dramatic subjectivity of the German mind may have sublime results; in the realm of realities it is ruthless and dense because it feels itself so noble and because it must inevitably be supported by lies. Is it not extraordinary that so brave a people never dare to face a humiliating truth? That is why it is hopeless to argue with them; hopeless to grant them anything. The English and Americans also have had their noble Nazis, but humour and common sense gradually destroyed the ethos in which they flourished. Cromwell was a nobler Hitler and when the first settlers in Connecticut were troubled about dispossessing the Indians, they met to discuss three resolutions—after examining the Scriptures: that the earth is the Lord's (voted), that the Lord can give the earth to his saints (voted), and that we are his saints (voted).

Mr. Sherwood's two main figures, the Greek professor of psychology and his American wife, are people whose habits of mind and feeling naturally dispose them to be, as we used to say in the last German war, *au dessus la mêlée*. To Karilo Vlachos the European conflict is merely the result of man's self-knowledge not having kept pace with scientific technology, which had recently given him power to control his environment. To a great extent men have eliminated pain, with the consequence (pain is a stimulant to intelligence) that they have grown stupid and pampered. From this stupidity psychology, bringing self-knowledge, will ultimately rescue them. I do not myself think the Professor's diagnosis penetrating, and his exposition of it over the microphone in the first scene left me indifferent. But his gradual conversion through sympathy and sorrow to believing that to resist tyranny, even in vain and to death, is to hold the line of the mind—a defence ultimately stronger than military power—did awake an echo in my not very trusting breast. It is probably true. To his wife, Miranda, that charming, ironic, friendly American woman, it was at first utterly inconceivable that anything could possibly destroy a good happy kind of life. Of course the foundations of that are unshakable. Why then fight for them? But the young generation and the Pole feel that that life is at the mercy of force; and through their sympathy with the young and their grief for them, these two types of detached persons, the intellectual and the instinctively serene, come to see that it is best and safest to resist to the uttermost and the last. Such is the movement in this play. It moves through moments of pathos and of making light of awful things which are beautiful and moving, being interpreted with a delicacy and absence of exaggeration which "purges," as Aristotle used to say, the soul of the spectator. For art in acting watch Karilo after he has parted from his son, and listen to Miranda while she reads, without tears in her voice, the letter of her dead husband. I said I would try to describe the peculiar beauty of Miss Lynn Fontanne's acting. It is a kind of effortless but frank reticence, quite different from the crude art of obviously concealing emotion—which is only sentimental appeal at a remove. She becomes a woman to whom even courage seems unnecessary, so clear it is to her that what must be, must be borne. And Miranda is also sweet. DESMOND MACCARTHY

PAN AND SYRINX

Across the heavy sands running they came;
She like his shadow shot on before him,
But bit by bit it shortened to full stop
And noonday dot. Then, just within his grasp,
She faded, in the sunburst of his joy
Expunged. He had not time to countermand
His smirk of pride, or even to take back
His gaping hands, or blandly to run on
As if the running were his only ploy
And she a by-play. Stupidly he stood
Looking in every flaw of air for her,
And staring close at every bird that rose
Out of the reeds, his shock eyes jumping on
From place to place of her nonentity.
Where had she gone, the hussy? Had she flown
Clean out of time and space? a dream? But no,
For still her nestlings' beaks gaped after her,
And still his nostrils quivered and fanned wide
Like twanged elastic in an ecstasy;
Eye and ear still gonged her striking image.

He called her loudly, then: "Syrinx!"
"Syrinx!"
But nothing blinked: the ignorant ox browsed on,
And the reflective river brassily
Slewed by without a pause. At his foot,
Out of the bearded iris rose the bee
In drizzling sibilance. But angrily
Pan stood, and stamped the sudded edge; his hands
Chawed savagely at the sedge. But what, what
Was this they held so closely choked? A reed?
Was ever reed like this one, coolest green,
And blue as if the ice-roots ran in it?
He opened his hands, and looked. O now he knew
The subterfuge of flesh. So this was how
She gave the slip to his lubricity;
He broke into a goat, the Spirit gone;
The Spirit flown, *she* split into a reed:
Green reed, red animal, were complements,
And neither could the other venerate,
Her he could feel, but never enter now;
Him she could enter, but could never feel;
So red and green must wrangle endlessly.
Ah why had he come here? was it to see
Grass shaken by the wind? Would nothing ease
The nettle-tease of flesh, the salted taws
Of lust?

Grief crowded in his eyes and looked at her,
Till, fogged by too-long thought, he turned away
Lugubriously, lugging the bruised reed;
And with no backward look he went
With bold subtracting steps across the plain,
And vanished in the upland groves and haze.
And afterward was heard
His starving flute crying in stony places,
Calling for love, for love, the heavenly rain
To fall and make his green reed nymph again.
And still he cried "Syrinx!" and still he drew
Her only answer from the reed he blew.

W. R. RODGERS

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to J. R. Thorburn.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Recently the Brazilian Government proposed drastic alterations in the service of their external debt, to the great advantage of the Republic of Brazil and to the equally great disadvantage of the bondholders. The reason for the default is given as being due to lack of foreign exchange.

I see in *The Scotsman* to-day that Brazil is now proposing to send an expeditionary force to North Africa or Europe, to help the Allied cause. Well may the bondholder ask the question—Is this journey necessary?—Letter in the *Scotsman*.

Hundreds of soldiers have been loaned to the Post Office to lend a hand with the Christmas mails. Yesterday was the last safe day for posting parcels and packets for Christmas delivery.—*Sunday Chronicle.*

Two Small Lemons, also Italian Bayonet. What offers?—Box 7704.—*The Coventry Evening Telegraph.*

Sir,—How right is Mr. Augustus Toop concerning the stridency of women's voices. They even spoil a dance band.—*Daily Sketch.*

The reason why we have to fight on Sunday is of course, that our enemies do not observe the Sabbath.—*Glasgow Evening Times.*

THE MOVIES

"Jane Eyre," at the Odeon
"The Miracle of Morgan's Creek," at the Plaza

Jane Eyre was a movie long before its time—so much so, that in the film the action has had to be toned down a little, the fire and all taking place off-screen. We have Neroed it through too many fires, unprovoked by emotional necessity, for that cliché to provide a fitting climax. But if the filmiest bit of Charlotte Brontë's narrative has had to be left out, or rather taken for granted, Hollywood still has clichés in reserve. To steepen atmosphere there are the deep blacks of photography, ground mists for the unhappy to wade in, and a music of growling discords and rasping trumpets which at times is very painful to the ear. I could have done without these well-worn effects, which belong to tinned melodrama, for there's electricity enough in Orson Welles's looks and presence. He gives a fine performance as Rochester, the only fault of which is that it leaves to Joan Fontaine little more than the role of spectator: her *Jane Eyre* is affecting though rather subdued. Indeed, the childhood scenes (excellently done) seem to set the stage for a biography which hardly materialises. Rochester comes instead, and thunder and lightning with him. Rochester snarling by the fire, Rochester striding out through the snows, Rochester in company and tragic as a lover—these are as striking to the eye and ear as anything in the original text. He has some good speeches to deliver and—for once in films—here is an actor capable of delivering them. The dialogue all through is noticeably taut and vivid; the name of Mr. Aldous Huxley appears among those responsible for the screen play. *Jane Eyre*, in fact, is a thundering good film, and one that will neither shock Brontë fans nor bore those who shy away from a classic.

And, suitably in time for Christmas, there is a new Preston Sturges film, *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek*. With his usual skill in reconciling farce and sentiment he manages to give charm to a stuttering hero (Eddie Bracken) and to the wildest of goose-chases in a small country town. A girl (Betty Hutton) is going to have a baby; a husband must be found in a hurry; bigamy and bank robbery are among the crimes that pile up on innocent heads. *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek*, though not quite on the level of *Palm Beach Story*, goes with a style and speed that have hardly been known since early Clair days; and just when you are wondering if the fun isn't in danger of growing thin, Sturges brings off a wild, brilliant finish. Like all his films, this one is fresh as paint. New actors, whom one can't imagine in any other circumstances; new visions of knockabout and disaster; names even—the mysterious Ratskiwatski, Officer Kockenlocker and Mr. Twirk—not to be encountered elsewhere.

The trio of early Chaplin pieces, *Chaplin Festival*, press-shown and reviewed some while ago, will be generally shown in London and the provinces over the holidays. The West End is apparently still debarred this pleasure, though pilgrims can make the journey to the State Cinema, Kilburn, or the Troxy, Stepney.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Book Production Exhibition at the National Gallery

Mr. Philip James, of C.E.M.A., has arranged a highly enjoyable show of English illustrated books produced during the last hundred and fifty years. The effort is inevitably somewhat saddening, for the most beautiful books are the earliest. Nevertheless, if one made a graph of elegance, it would show, after a hideous descent, a decided rise in the last twenty years. Typography and the spacing are now often excellent, but the illustrations are usually anaemic and genteel. "Tastefulness" of a rather negative sort is the usual characteristic even in the lithographs and engravings that show the greatest technical mastery. Nothing in this country can be compared with the illustrated books produced in France by Vollard. An obvious explanation is that in England we have no artists comparable in stature with Picasso, Rouault, Matisse, Bonnard and Maillol. But it is also true that our publishers have not been at pains to obtain illustrations from the best artists in the country. They have looked for technical accomplishment, instead of persuading the most imaginative artists to acquire the necessary technique. Sickert, for instance, the finest English artist since Constable, escaped the notice of publishers, and it would be easy to make a list of living draughtsmen who are similarly neglected. Vollard, of course, was not a publisher by profession: the fortune he had acquired as a picture-dealer enabled him to produce his magnificent books. Mr. McKnight Kauffer's *Anatomy of Melancholy* and Mr. John Piper's *Brighton* are two of the best modern illustrated books; and a lithograph by Mr. Graham Sutherland in the magazine *Poetry* ought to induce some alert publisher to use this extraordinary talent. Sir Kenneth Clark in the current *Architectural Review* offers some convincing and rather gloomy comments upon the absence of a contemporary idiom in architectural ornament. One might assume that contemporary book-illustration was suffering from similar disadvantages: most of the modern books in the show have no more vitality than the ornaments on modern buildings. But the Vollard books prove that the analogy is not exact. We may hope, therefore, that when publishing recovers from the impoverishment caused by the war there will be a revival of vigorous illustration. The standard set by the earlier works in this most enjoyable exhibition is very high. Blake and Audubon, for instance, in their opposite ways are magnificent. Mr. Philip James has selected the exhibition with a taste based on great knowledge, and contributes a useful introduction to the catalogue.

Correspondence

THE FUTURE OF AVIATION

SIR,—Mr. Mikardo begins his article with an admirable review of the reasons for regarding internationalisation of civil aviation as a vital step if this outstanding achievement of science is to play a useful role in the service of humanity.

It is the more surprising, therefore, that when he comes to deal with the practical measures which should be put into operation he presents us with a most unsatisfactory compromise. Apparently the aerial communication between neighbouring States is to be left in the same appalling muddle as we saw in the inter-war years, while a world-wide scheme of international trunk lines, with aerodromes 1,500 miles apart, is to be superimposed. The objections to this are surely fairly obvious. On the one hand it makes no advance towards air-disarmament since civil planes will still be in the hands of nationally owned corporations. Most of the planes, in fact, will be owned in this way, since the volume of traffic which wants to travel 1,500 miles non-stop is only likely to be a very small proportion of the total. The political advantages of internationalisation are, therefore, almost completely lost.

What of the technical advantages? It is true that some advantage might be gained by such an international trunk system, but much of the economy in operation would be lost if it were still in competition with half a dozen nationally owned air-lines operating over shorter "hops." Furthermore, the passenger

who did not live near one of the twenty world aero-dromes, but desired to travel by the main trunk route would have to book his journey through two or perhaps three separate authorities." When one also considers the animosity which would be likely to exist between nationalism and private enterprise as repre-sented by the national air-lines and inter-State enter-prise as represented by these new trunk services, it is easy to imagine that no opportunity of discrediting the latter would be missed. Again, it is hardly possible to prevent a country from subsidising its own national air service. Who, then, is to subsidise this "white elephant" Mr. Mikardo envisages? But subsidised it must be if it is to remain in competition. Subsidised, indeed, even more heavily, since non-stop flights of 1,500 to 3,500 miles" are bound to be less economic than shorter flights.

Jonathan Griffin in his classic *Britain's Air Policy* (Gollancz, 1935) has set forth the case for out-and-out international ownership, and a memorandum prepared by the World Airways Committee of the Progressive League in 1938 gave some details which Mr. Mikardo has used in his article, illustrating the technical neces-sity for a completely international system. Before we abandon Mr. Griffin's well thought-out scheme we shall need more evidence that Mr. Mikardo's compro-mise is, as he himself describes it, "a practical policy."

LESLIE MINCHIN

POST-WAR HOUSING

The most important problem that this country has to face after the war is the housing of the homeless, and speeches of Ministers and the memoranda of the Ministry of Health are all designed to encourage local authorities to prepare plans in order that they shall start building as soon as they get permission.

The local authorities, however, are expected to look for guidance and advice to the Central Authority under three headings, viz., the purchase of ground, the provision of type plans of various kinds and financial assistance.

Now, let us take one of these items and see how far the Ministry of Health is assisting local authorities to prepare their programmes. That is, the provision of type plans.

On December 30th, 1942, an Inspector of the Ministry, when discussing the question of housing at Surbiton, stated that type plans were under con-sideration by the Central Housing Advisory Com-mittee under its sub-committee presided over by Lord Dudley, and that they would be ready by July.

On March 4th, 1943, the Minister of Health, Mr. E. Brown, stated in Circular No. 2778 that the sub-committee was now engaged in considering designs and planning, and he hoped to submit a report at an early date. He also went on to say, "pending this further communication, local authorities will no doubt not wish to devote too much time on the production of actual plans and designs."

On October 7th, 1943, it was reported at the conference of the National Housing and Town Planning Council that the same Minister had stated "that he is waiting the report of the sub-committee of the Central Housing Advisory Committee, which should be ready by the end of the year, but it will be understood that it is not possible to issue any general advice to local authorities on this subject until the report has been submitted to and considered by the Minister, in consultation with the Minister of Works and the Minister of Town and Country Planning."

On November 30th, 1943, in the House of Commons the Minister of Production, Mr. Lyttelton, promised examples of experimental houses in three or four months' time.

Now, could any other recital of facts show more clearly the ineptitude of the Government so far as their post-war planning is concerned? Personally, I am astounded that so little agitation has been created in Parliament by Members of the House, and by local authorities in order to compel the responsible Ministers to advise and guide those who are desirous of proceeding as soon as possible with the building of houses. Those who have any experience of local government know that it takes some time to prepare for the builder to start his operations, but is it reasonable to suppose that it has taken Lord Dudley's Committee over 12 months to prepare a few type plans? In my opinion, it is not, and I can only assume that for reasons best known to themselves, the delay is intentional.

ALD. H. G. REYNOLDS, J.P.,
Chairman, Housing Committee, Surbiton Borough Council

LIBERTY AND ANTI-SEMITISM

SIR,—The following House of Commons report appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* on December 17th, 1943.

Mr. Mander (L., Wolverhampton) asked if the Home Secretary's attention had been called to the activities of the Britons' Publishing Society, 40 Great Ormond Street, London, which specialised in anti-Semitic literature. He also wanted to know whether Mr. Morrison was aware that before the war the Nazi Party of Great Britain had offices at this address, and if a careful watch would be kept on the society's activities.

Mr. Morrison: Yes, attention has been paid for a number of years to the activities of this so-called society, which is, in fact, a propaganda bureau run by a single individual whose influence and import-ance are negligible. Attention will continue to be paid to him, but it has been the clearly expressed wish of Parliament that there should be as little interference as possible with the free expression of public opinion. I have no power to put a stop to this individual's activities merely because his propa-ganda is abhorrent to all right-minded people.

Mr. Mander asked if the Home Secretary was aware that this society was still circulating to people in this country a well-known forgery attempting to prove that the Jews and not Hitler were responsible for the war. "Will you give consideration to the spread of literature of this kind which is against the war effort?" he asked.

Mr. Morrison replied that he would certainly keep those points in mind, but he suggested that Mr. Mander should not work himself "into a nervous condition about this very unimportant body, if it can be called a body." (Laughter.)

Lord Winterton (C., Horsham): There is grow-ing apprehension among some of us about the desire of certain Members to get people locked up, not because they have done anything, but because they have propounded views which are unpalatable to them. (Cheers.)

Mr. Morrison: I entirely agree, and I think it is particularly unfortunate when that angle comes from the Liberal benches. The House may be assured that in a proper way I will keep the Liberal flag flying at the Home Office. (Cheers.)

A Member: Will the Home Secretary trust the common sense of the British people? (Cheers.)

There were cries of "Oh! oh!" when Mr. Mander said his sole interest in this matter was public security."

My thoughts after reading the above were:

(*a*) If we have not yet learned what anti-Semitism means and leads to, when will we?

(*b*) No one protests in the name of freedom that the law forbids the kicking of a passer-by; then why should a law which would forbid the circulation of abuse and lies as found in anti-Semitic literature (something which injures not only the Jews but the whole community) be regarded as a restriction of freedom?

(*c*) Sweden has banned the fomenting of racial hatred and prejudice. No one can say that the Swedes value individual freedom less than we do.

(*d*) The zealousness with which certain M.P.s, particularly of the Conservative Party, defend, in the name of freedom, the anti-Semites, suggests that an undercurrent of anti-Semitism is welcomed; it might prove useful to distract the masses during the unsettled post-war period.

(*e*) Mr. Morrison is being likened to Ramsay

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MacDonald, but his attitude suggests a Daladier who came to power with the votes of the Left, never ceased to proclaim vociferously his democratic ideals, and then with the cheers and support of the Right broke the Left and eventually his country.

HARRY LYNFORD

MACEK

SIR,—As Mr. Powell wishes for a deeper insight into the circumstances surrounding the direction of Yugoslav foreign policy, I shall add to my previous information by saying that, regardless of political regimes in Yugoslavia, foreign policy and its control have always been considered by the Serbians as their monopoly.

In the successive Governments of Yugoslavia, there have always been two kinds of members in view of the direction of foreign policy: Ministers from Serbia on the one hand, and Croats, Slovenes, and even Serbs from the regions outside of Serbia on the other hand. The former only were kept informed and were consulted on matters of foreign policy. The latter were only informed in so far as this was considered necessary by the real masters of foreign policy. During the two and a half years of my governmental experience with the Serbian members of the Revolutionary Government of March 27th, it was impossible to break this tradition, in spite of the permanent efforts of the second-rate Ministers (Croats, Slovenes and Serbs outside of Serbia), even while the seat of our Government was in this democratic country. This persistent attitude on the part of the Serbian members of the Revolutionary Government of March 27th, 1941, is largely responsible for the dissensions which have destroyed mutual confidence between the Cabinet members; and, from the formers' attitude during their stay abroad, it is easy to see what their attitude was when they wielded power in Belgrade for the 10 days from March 27th to April 6th, and what was the position of any member of the Government belonging to the second-rate kind of Cabinet Ministers.

As Mr. R. Powell desires to know Dr. Macek's attitude in these critical days, I can inform him that, from March 26th to April 3rd, Dr. Macek was in Zagreb; and that he arrived in Belgrade and joined the Government only two days before the German invasion. As a matter of fact, I accompanied him on his journey to Belgrade and I happened to be present when he was informed by a prominent Serbian member of the Government of the steps taken in view of the reassurances given to Germany and Italy, as well as of the envisaged visits to Berlin and Rome.

I am very grateful to Mr. Powell for his suggestion regarding the setting forth of a detailed account of what happened in Belgrade in those days. Perhaps, once the cloak has been lifted from the historcal truth, the number of the "heroes of March 27th, 1941," will be considerably reduced.

DR. JURAJ KRNJEVIC

The Athenæum, S.W.1.

[Mr. Powell replies: "It is evident from both of Dr. Krnjevic's replies that further discussion of these details will not contribute towards a better understanding between Serbs and Croats, which was the sole purpose of my first letter."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

MEANING OF INDEPENDENCE

SIR,—Your admirable article "The Meaning of Independence" deals very appropriately with the nuisance of State Sovereignty—a feature which, silently and persistently, has exercised more tyranny in the world than all Hitlers, Mussolinis and Quislings together, and has done so and continues to do so even under the very noses of most democratic administrations. You should perhaps have added to your comprehensive description of the true nature of "independence of Sovereign States" the observation that such tyranny tended, especially in Central and Eastern Europe, to be the more oppressive, the smaller the respective State is.

Yet your considerations do not offer solutions. It seems that, at least for the time being, you hold that the small nation must recognise that, having been born small as a historical and political being, she should be reasonable in recognising her smallness (and weakness) as a defect by birth and should voluntarily become a satellite of one of the great Powers. (By the way, what is a Great Power? How many inhabitants must a country have, how many square miles must it cover?)

As far as I can see, there are only two ways open to end, at least on the European Continent, this, at the same time, ludicrous and sad game of twenty-six different State Sovereignties. The one solution would be that smaller Western European and Scandinavian countries become members of the British Commonwealth, whilst the Eastern and Central European territories would become members of the Soviet Union. Or the alternative would be the formation of that federation of ten Central and Eastern European countries, reaching from the Baltic Sea to the Mediterranean and comprising a population of one hundred million or so inhabitants. (The latter solution is one which, as is well known, the Soviet Union rejects.)

In any case, little sense seems to adhere to the undertaking to lecture to the small nations about the senselessness of their National Sovereignty without offering (and advocating) alternative solutions, which would ensure a worthier and more modern organisation of their political, social and cultural life.

FREDERICK JELLINEK

SIR,—In reply to the letter of "Svea" (your issue of December 18th), you explain that the Baltic States "had all gone Fascist" and that "the class war within them was so acute" that they have to be content with Russian occupation and allusions to the Soviet Union. In the same issue I find an article praising international co-operation and stressing the value of "refusal to submit to the will of any single Power."

That all European countries were torn by "class war" was already stressed by "Svea." This shows only that the social life of these countries was in a formative state and capable of progress. Austria, who is the first to-day to be promised independence, "had gone Fascist" under Dolfuss, who ordered his troops to fire on the Vinnese workers. Later Austria greeted Hitler with flowers in wild enthusiasm. I think Germany has more of the extremes of Fascism, but the NEW STATESMAN constantly reminds us that a place must be reserved for Germany in the European family of nations. Vichy France has now "gone Fascist," too, and her behaviour is a painful sore to her Allies, but the NEW STATESMAN would probably be first to reject any proposals of punishing her by the imposing upon her of an occupying force of stronger neighbour. If the reasonings of your Editors with regard to the Baltic States were to be treated seriously, then an integrated Europe would be altogether an impossibility, nor would there be the slightest chance of organising our life on a supra-national basis. But then it is useless to proclaim this programme even in theory as you have done, in your article "The Meaning of Independence."

C. G. WERTH

ATROCITIES

SIR,—I quote from a letter received during the last fortnight from my husband who is on active service in Italy:—

"At first I did not believe the stories of the German atrocities on Italian women and children. Now I know them to be true for I have seen them. I have seen six or seven corpses of women and children left murdered, stripped and mutilated: the worse I cannot tell you of. We out here feel that those at home should know the truth of this; that it is not even organised terrorism but cruelty and bestiality practised for its own sake. The worst offenders being German boys between the ages of 16 and 18."

I send this after reading John Pudney's article *Neapolitan Fudge*.

PAMELA CRANLEY

St. Anthony, Putsborough,
Georgeham, N. Devon.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

ND what happened after the glass slipper fitted d Cinderella married the beautiful Prince? arriage changes the character of women; what nd of woman did she become? Going back rough the story and looking for those experi-ces which must have marked Cinderella's life, e cannot but be alarmed by the probabilities. ow humiliation must have intensified her motional and imaginative life! What a crowd of mpulses will fly up, fierce and disparate in their ght, like birds suddenly set free, when the years d years of repression come to an end! What n appetite for life, for pre-eminence, for power, r perpetuating the glittering success, will come the downtrodden and humiliated. Heaven rotect us (we say aloud, as we glance at the tory of society) from the tongue, the will, the rading ego—and the unstable moods of the ve set free. And how did Cinderella escape—she did escape it—the worst evil that can puddle e eyes and slur the lips of a beautiful woman: e vice of touchiness?

I know of no book that presents this case with ore imagination and percipience than Aksakov's *Russian Gentleman*.* Sofya Nicolayevna, in that ost limpid of the Russian autobiographies, is a ortrait of Aksakov's mother. For years she had en outrageously treated by a stepmother. hen had followed a time of extravagant social ccess. At the time of her marriage, when she me as a stranger, on guard but resolute, into the triarchal family of pioneers who had settled in e swollen and luscious region of Ufa, the old rahamic grandfather of the family was judging r character:

"Well now, friend Ivan, what say you of the daughter-in-law? As a man you are a better judge of the point than women are." Karatayeff, disregarding a signal from his wife, burst out with enthusiasm: "I do assure you, batyushka, that such another dazzler"—he always used this phrase of a beautiful woman—"as brother Alexyei has bagged is not to be found in the whole world. A look from her is as good as a shilling. And her cleverness! it's past all telling. But there's one thing, batyushka: she's proud: she can't stand a joke. When you try to have a little fun with her, she gives you a look that makes you bite off the end of your tongue."

d Aksakov himself says of the mother he ored and who adored him with all the violence her heart, "Reluctantly," he says, "I must nfess that love of power was one of her ruling ssions; and the germs of this passion, now that e had been released from the cruel oppression her stepmother, were sprouting actively at this he." Much, evidently, would depend upon the ince. But power-loving women who are the les of local society have a surprising tendency fall for nonentities. They require slaves.

In Aksakov's father Sofya Nicolayevna found an whose deference, obedience and humility de him the perfect, the passionate slave. She uld rule him, raise him up, mould him in rdance with her brilliant, town-bred ideas. would scare him into wakefulness, blow him in scene after scene till she had made him into other being. It was a bad beginning. But ong characters are often convinced that there irtue not for themselves alone but for everyone e, in violent purges of self-expression; and fya Nicolayevna was too young and too blindly self to discern that violent outbursts appalled husband, paralysed him and drove him into consuming daydreams of disillusion and entment. She won her victory—but what a tory! It was empty, for she had begun by troying his power of candour. Like many k people, Alexyei had learned under the potism of his father to develop a capacity for strategic retreat and adjustment. The weak—and how it maddens the strong—have their own resources. The strong—and how it surprises the weak—are so subject to sudden collapse, helpless dependence, remorse and despair. Aksakov's father had his moments of pre-eminence. And in any case, there are always compensations in life. He would leave the tumultuous bedroom to sit by the deep river which tumbled past the house, watching the sight which—Aksakov says—no Russian can resist: the sight of moving water. There was superb, Homeric fishing at Ufa; and the end of a scene, Sofya Nicolayevna would observe in despair, was often a fishing expedition, when the perch came out of the river by the dozen and—engrossed now by an unhuman antagonist—her husband would be seen in his boat, playing an heroic bream. Flustered by human nature, he could slip away from the incomprehensible campaigns of love into a passion no less solacing or primitive: the passion of the chase. In the crystalline air of the steppe and among the evening fogs of the water meadows and birch woods he could wait for the rising quail which had been decoyed by the peasant's flute and shout, undeterred, at the hare bolting for cover.

The real Prince was Sofya Nicolayevna's father-in-law, the stupendous grandfather whose portrait dominates the book and whose wise, patriarchal mind and arbitrary nature seem to reign over every page. In this old despot, with his terrifying rages, his implacable regard for truth, god-like in the solemnity of his habits—so that every eccentricity, from chopping his shirts up on the doorstep, dragging his wife about by the hair, or standing more or less naked in the farmyard every morning to watch the sun rise, had the weight of something like the whole Mosaic Law behind it—in this tribal hero, Sofya Nicolayevna recognised a force more powerful than her own and an indispensable ally among the jealousies of the family. Here she came upon her match in love and found her high quality justly estimated and admired. The love of this old man for his daughter-in-law, in a family rat-ridden with that fear and that jealousy which natures too strong always create around them, is incomparably moving. In this first volume of his recollections, when Aksakov was describing the early life of his grandfather and his parents, he was an imaginative artist of the highest order.

In the second volume of his Recollections called *A Russian Schoolboy*, Aksakov reveals the second great passion of Sofya Nicolayevna. It was for himself. Intense in all her passions, she directed her whole life upon the ailing boy and he depended utterly on her. Their separations brought them both to fevers, fits and the brink of suicide. One must suppose that the fixity and joy of this overpowering and constant emotion, must have been the cause of Aksakov's minute and exalted memory of his childhood, a memory that is hardly surpassed by Proust's. To Aksakov childhood was the Golden Age. Not a bird song, not the flight of a butterfly or flash of a fish was forgotten. They were embalmed in the stillness of an unhesitating recollection. Like Oblomov's recollections of his childhood, Aksakov's has the warmth of some tale of the folk, where the sun always shines and where even the wickedness of man or the savagery of nature charms us as legends do, illuminating our lives without impinging too sharply on them. They are a retrospect without remorse. We are endeared by the permanence of human types and the profit and loss of living. The turbulent emotion of Aksakov's adoration of his mother has calmed into one of those deep and now untroubled feelings so beneficent to works of art. No other Russian writer, not even Tolstoy, has achieved the extraordinary stillness and ecstasy of Aksakov's picture of family life. No other Russian writer has held the mirror up to life so steadily, so that we see how the hours pass at Ufa in all their enchanting detail, without a tremor of the mirror. In Proust, the act of remembering, the search for the past, the sensibility of the seeker, are important, perhaps the most important, elements in the task of memory; in Aksakov's mirror the agitations and flaws of such a brilliant egoism are not there to distract. Aksakov is not speculative. He is simple, tender, comic, delicate and factual.

> The dinner passed off in the usual fashion. The young pair sat side by side between the old couple; there were a great many courses, one richer and more indigestible than another; the cook, Stepan, had been lavish with his spice, cloves and pepper, and especially with his butter. The bride ate the dainties pressed upon her by Stepan Mihailovitch, and prayed that she might not die in the night. There was little talking, partly because every mouth was occupied, and also because every mouth was otherwise occupied, and also because the party were not good at conversation. Indeed they were all uncomfortable in their own ways. Yerlykin in his sober intervals drank nothing but water, and hardly spoke at all at such times, which gained him a reputation for exceptional intelligence; and Karatayeff dared not open his mouth in the presence of Stepan Mihailovitch except to answer a question, and went no farther than repeating the last words of other people's remarks. If they said "The hay crop will be good if we get no rain," or "the rye made a good start till the sudden frost came"—Karatayeff came in like an echo, "if we get no rain," "till the frost came"; and his repetitions were sometimes ill-timed. . . . Mazan with long boots smelling of tar on his feet, and wearing a long coat which made him look like a bear dressed up in sacking, handed round the loving cup. . .

Yet how is it that so still, so conservative a memory nevertheless conveys to us an impression of animation, excitement and suspense? For nothing like the airless gleam of a Dutch interior halts his descriptions of the scene. The answer must be that Aksakov's memory conceals the act of memory, that his imagination works in hiding; he holds the mirror so still that we see not the writer but the movement of life itself, as the hunter or watcher of birds does when he sits in the fields unmoving for hours until life has the courage to resume its business. We watch with Aksakov and observe the huge suspense that hangs upon every detail of life from minute to minute.

Aksakov was a slavophile and a conservative. No hint of the political problems that were to disturb Turgenev and his successors comes into his work. To him the life of the country house in Russia—at least as he knew it—was as sound as an apple. It is true there may be sadistic and drunken landowners, who beat and even murder their serfs. It is true that his grandfather was a violent man who expected to be obeyed on the spot and gave summary punishment. But such things are in the order of nature. His grandfather prospered. His people or tribe prospered. To be relieved of evil we must all pray to God. One cannot say that Aksakov was indifferent or complacent. He was simply under a spell.

It was the spell of private life: that life which goes on whether there is justice or injustice, war or peace, struggle or inertia, the web we spin. One reads Aksakov now with a natural nostalgia—not indeed for the past, nor for the delectable life of landed prosperity; not even for the abundance of food and drink—for what is the story of family life but the story of the hours spent between one meal and the next?—but for the fixed state of living, some settled condition of judgment. Aksakov's grandfather sat watching the happy young couple, Sofya Nicolayevna and her husband:

> His happiness had a shade of fear and of disbelief in the solidity and permanence of a state of things in itself so charming. He would have liked to speak his mind on the subject, to give them some hints or some useful advice; but whenever he began, he could not find the right words for thoughts and feelings which he could not make clear even to himself; and he went no farther than those trivial commonplaces, which, for all their triviality, have been bequeathed to us by the practical wisdom of past generations and are verified by our own experience.

What is it we admire about these words? We admire their closeness to a simple mind. But above all we admire the spacious experience from which they come. To that sense of space, in the Russian novels of the nineteenth century, we return eagerly again and again.

V. S. PRITCHETT

A Russian Gentleman. By SERGEI AKSAKOV. ns. by J. D. Duff. *World's Classics.*
Years of Childhood. By SERGEI AKSAKOV. Trans. J. D. Duff. *World's Classics.*
A Russian Schoolboy. By SERGEI AKSAKOV. Trans. J. D. Duff. *Edward Arnold.*

PATHS OF EXCESS

The Oxford Book of German Prose. Edited by H. G. FIEDLER. *Oxford.* 10s.

This bird's-eye view of the landscape of German prose makes almost as monotonous an impression as a journey through the Lüneburger Heide: monotonous, but not without a curious charm. Where there are few features of large, outstanding beauty to overwhelm the spectator, his attention turns to small details, and these are often fascinating in their minute elaboration. So that if there seems astoundingly little variety of texture in the prose styles of German writers, great and small, the reason will, I think, be found in the syntax, baroque yet petrified, of a language that reflects the mind of a people always fifty years behind Western Europe in the standards of intellectual and visual taste. That day-before-yesterday impression which is finally left by almost everything German, however novel it may seem at first glance (and Germans have always been good at giving their improvements the air of inventions), persists throughout the epochs of German prose, except in the case of those writers who, consciously or unconsciously, accepted a strong Mediterranean influence. To be old-fashioned in this sense will not do, where methods of art are concerned. In what other country would so noble a mind as that of Thomas Mann express itself in a style so fusty, so upholstered and so bourgeois?

It would be tiresome at this time of the day to uphold the supremacy of Nietzsche's prose: tiresome and, on the whole, as misleading as it would be to single out Carlyle as a master of English. What is typical must receive first consideration in a matter of this kind, and neither Nietzsche's style nor Carlyle's is typical of the nations from which they come. So, when you take up Professor Fiedler's most able selection, turn to Adalbert Stifter rather than to Nietzsche, to Grillparzer rather than to Heine, to Beethoven's letter rather, even, than to Goethe. Turn, first of all, to Lessing, for with Herder the somnambulistic note enters German literature, never again to leave it.

Professor Fiedler has been clever with Kant, Hegel, Wagner, Freytag and Sudermann: each of these so often intolerable writers is window-dressed so as to show only to advantage. There is no harm in exhibiting people at their best; but in many other cases the anthologist must have been faced with a difficult choice. Germany possesses no Gibbon, no Newman, no Renan; but on the boundaries between prose and poetry it has had a good number of imaginative writers who are unique in world literature. Romantic poetry is the kernel of all that is best in the Teutonic personality, as it is the essence of Teutonic music; and in men like Musäus, Grimm, Fouqué, Chamisso and Arnim (to say nothing of later writers like Mörike and Keller and Meyer) flowers the great tradition of the poetic short story which is the counterpart of the romantic lyric. Here, it seems to me, lie the masterpieces of German prose, because here alone the naivety, which—as much as the pretentiousness—is an integral part of the German mind, finds suitable expression. In these writers, who later yielded the palm to the Austria first of Stifter and then of Hofmannstahl and Schnitzler, that straining after expression which ends in vulgar emphasis gives way to a real limpidity of vision. What these writers felt to be humorous or pathetic they saw and rendered with the brilliant clarity of a mediaeval missal.

If it is rhetoric you are after, you can find plenty of it in this book, but in places other than the above. Rhetoric is always suspect—and rightly so, because it is an attempt to persuade by means other than the truth. Politicians and moralists who use this weapon do so at their peril. But in the hands of a genuine poet rhetoric can be single-edged and almost as immediate in effect as the music whose thunder it steals. To judge of this you have only to read the excerpts from Claudius, Hölderlin, Jean-Paul, Wackenroder and Nietzsche. (The rhetoric of Schiller and Kleist went into their plays rather than into the essays of the one or the stories of the other.) At this point it becomes more than ever important to forget the *sound* of other—especially Latin—languages; to remember that what matters more than anything in German rhetorical prose (you can find it best in Hölderlin's *Hyperion*) is the relative distance between the heavy stresses in the sentence, where the words stream and cluster like raindrops on a window. Not everyone can stand this kind of writing: the portmanteau words lead to mawkishness at one end of the scale, and to fatuous pedantry at the other; and to those who dislike excess, the convulsive effect of minds in which thought and feeling are improperly integrated, so that the one has the air of being the other, and *vice versa*, is invincibly repugnant. To such, however, I recommend Beethoven's wonderful letter of October 6, 1802, to his brothers, which opens like this:

> O ihr Menschen, die ihr mich für feindselig, störrisch oder misanthropisch haltet oder erklärt, wie unrecht tut ihr mir; ihr wisst nicht die geheime Ursache von dem, was euch so scheint. Mein Herz und mein Sinn waren von Kindheit an für das zarte Gefühl des Wohlwollens. Selbst grosse Handlungen zu verrichten, dazu war ich immer aufgelegt; aber bedenkt nur, dass seit sechs Jahren ein heilloser Zustand mich befallen, durch unvernünftige Ärzte verschlimmert; von Jahr zu Jahr in der Hoffnung gebessert zu werden betrogen, endlich zu dem überblick eines dauernden Übels (dessen Heilung vielleicht Jahre dauern oder gar unmöglich ist) gezwungen, mit einem feurigen, lebhaften Temperamente geboren, selbst empfänglich für die Zerstreuungen der Gesellschaft, musste ich früh mich absondern, einsam mein Leben zubringen. Wollte ich auch zuweilen mich einmal über alles das hinaussetzen, o wie hart wurde ich durch die verdoppelte traurige Erfahrung meines schlechten Gehörs dann zurückgestossen, und doch war's mir noch nicht möglich den Menschen zu sagen: sprecht lauter, schreit, denn ich bin taub.

That is true eloquence and moves one like a passage from one of the composer's late sonatas. As prose it has the magnificence of a great voice speaking with inflections that startle by their depth and variety.

Nothing is easier than to criticise an anthology on grounds of what is omitted. If I personally was sorry to find nothing from Stifter's *Der Nachsommer* (one of the most purely beautiful books in the language), I was delighted by the same writer's fine description of Vienna at night. If I regret that Professor Fiedler should have preferred to exclude Jean-Paul's *Titan* I was glad to be reminded of the passage from *Hesperus*. The only omissions I find at all surprising are Schleiermacher's *Monologues* which lend themselves particularly well to anthologising; and Schnitzler.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

A RICH LEGACY

Anglo-Saxon Poetry. By GAVIN BONE. *Clarendon Press.* 5s.

This short essay—on early English poetry, with illustrative versions—is part of a larger work which the author hoped to produce, and of which another portion, including an essay on *Beowulf*, and a translation, will, we are glad to hear, be published shortly. The present work was cut short by the author's too-early death, and none of it has been finally revised, yet all lovers of Anglo-Saxon poetry—that is, all readers of it—will be grateful to those who have seen that the book has not been left to perish. For not only is it a work of real scholarship, but it is so lively and racy in style as to give its readers yet another of what Lowell called "the Pleasures of Life." What they will recognise as they read is, first, that Gavin Bone was, like them, a lover of his subject, and, secondly, that he was determined to think for himself. He had, of course, read the earlier critics—it is plain that he knows Morley, Sweet, Stopford Brooke, Wülcker, Wyatt, and the rest—but what he has *really* read is the original poems, and he tells us what he thinks of them in plain words. He does not write like a don. "Anglo-Saxon is a nice, strong, vigorous language for writing poetry. The words are stony and ha character, and there is the great advantage Anglo-Saxon verse that it is impossible to b neat." And, in discussing the word *wlanc*, h tells us that, while it is more serious than *swank* it has the good elements of that familiar wor The result is that the reader is again and agai confronted with statements which make him pau and wonder: but it is true also that, howeve daring they may seem at the first glance, the usually secure our agreement on the second Thus he proclaims the *Battle of Maldon* the be war-poem in our language; and certainly in thes days we can feel the greatness of the famou lines:

> The will shall be harder, the courage shall b keener,
> Spirit shall grow great, as our strength fal away.

All competent judges must admire *Beowulf*; bu is it quite a first-class epic? We shall await th essay and version that are to come before we tak it at Gavin Bone's valuation. That we shall a accept it is, after our present experience, likel enough. As to the *Seafarer*, we shall have n need to reconsider; for on this poem he thinks a everybody must think.

So far, he is the examiner giving his first classes it is perhaps when he deals out his seconds an thirds that we shall find ourselves in permanen opposition to him.

All poetry has some character in common, bu Anglo-Saxon poetry gives us something new almost, in fact, unique. And the first point whic forces itself upon the student is the "portman teau" descriptive phrase. The sea is the Gannet' Bath or the Whale's Road; ships are wave horses or ocean-thrashers: Belshazzar is con stantly the wolf-hearted king. These inevitabl remind us of the Homeric epithets—the many deviced Odysseus, the king of men Agamemno the swift-footed Achilles; but their tone is no quite the same, and they are not so easily trans ferred into another language.

The poets deal liberally in consonants; an we come constantly across lines like

> Oft Scyld Scéfing scéathena thréatum.

Here Mr. Bone leaves us in no doubt, by the for of his words, that these lines please him. Th pains taken by such poets as Tennyson t "smuggle sibilants out of their verse" seem t him labour wasted.

There is, in fact, as our readers will have see no lack of clearness or of force. This introductio fills only seventeen pages, but the amount o thought in that small space is remarkable, an it is so put as to stir up the readers to thoug of their own. Gavin Bone is a warrior, and, as i modern war, the work of the infantry is supporte from the air. After giving his general view the author proceeds to give his illustrati examples, that is, to put forth translations o selected poems, or, in his own phrase, to "produ poetical acid"; for he has shown that in his vie Anglo-Saxon poetry has an acid quality whic it is the business of the translator to make clea And it is here that there must always be con troversy; for the effect a great poem produc on its readers must be, if they have strong mind and keen feelings, different in almost every cas Some will wish for a literal translation; other will hold that the freest paraphrase can hardl convey all they desire. On the one side we ma have a Homer as he appears to Francis Newma on the other as Matthew Arnold would wish t see him.

Thus it is not long before we notice that th author does not *shun* rhyme in his versions an as we go further we conclude that he even see it. This apparently means that he pictures th Old English listener as receiving something lik the same impulse from alliteration as we to-d receive from rhyme. With the *Seafarer*, havi the same purpose in view, he deliberate "exaggerates any hints there are in the poem. He "has no doubt that it is a poem in which o man is mixing his moods, and his version tri to make this plainer by forcing him always to corresponding mixture of measures." "I have, he says, "kept near the Old English when

translation seemed likely to produce the same poetical effect, but have taken liberty to invent in many places." That "poetical acid" which he wishes to transfer cannot, he thinks, be usually defined by a mere equivalence of words.

On the whole, it seems to us that the book will be specially valuable to those who can compare the versions with the originals. It is, of course, the precise opposite of "a crib"; but if the student *after* reading the versions takes up the original, he will in every case add to his store of poetry something new.

Reading these very pleasant pages, and sadly recalling how few more of the same kind we can expect, we cannot conclude without offering our sincere sympathy to the relatives, pupils and friends of the author, one more "inheritor of unfulfilled renown."

E. E. KELLETT

SOUTH AMERICAN WAY

The Word of An Englishman. By TOM CLARKE. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

Whether the names of the South American capitals sound like the swing of exotic dances; Rio, Caracas, Bogota; or like the sinister mutter of distant revolution; Lima, La Paz, Buenos Aires, depends on your temperament and taste. But there is more to Latin America than that: it is the country of the sprawling pampas, of the rugged majesty of the Andean sierras, of the modern go-ahead cities and the steamy jungles of the Amazon. It is a continent little known to the English, yet so fascinating and lovely that if we were now free to travel, it is surely there that we should go. But for the present I must enjoy it at second-hand. So it was with regret that I quitted an exciting day with Mr. Clarke in the warmth and colour of the South and turned again to face the bleakness of an English December.

I think Mr. Clarke had his regrets too, when in June, 1942, he came back home. Nine months before he had gone out to establish an agency which could serve the journals of the then neutral countries of South America with news of Britain at war. For the most part, Mr. Clarke found a cordial reception from the editors and owners of the central and provincial press. An alternative source of news to the German Trans-Ocean Agency was very welcome to those who wished the Allies well. The Nazi agency had done a good job. They had created a picture of a starving, desperate and bomb-blasted Britain. By offering their services free to the poorer or less strong-minded publications they had not only achieved a virtual monopoly of European news but were also exercising a fairly considerable economic power over certain sections of the press. Mr. Clarke had an uphill task, and the eventual failure of his venture was due to technical rather than political reasons. But the account of Mr. Clarke's professional activities occupies but little of his book. It is mainly a straightforward and engaging record of the alarms and excursions of his life out there. And this is a refreshing change from the kind of book that a journalist finds it only too easy to write these days. Does Mr. Clarke think he should lecture us on the misdeeds of appeasement or imperialist diplomacy in the past or make dogmatic generalisations about the present? Necessary though this task may be, he does nothing of the kind. He goes off on his travels by rail, or by plane or on steamers, describing the country as he goes, chatting to his fellow passengers, meeting all sorts of ordinary, interesting folk. When he hears a good story he writes it down. When some little incident takes his fancy it goes into the omnipresent notebook. So-and-so won't use oxygen flying over the Andes; how cheap the taxis are in Rio; how the placing of a flower shows the amorous condition of a girl in Buenos Aires; and so we have learnt more of the attractive trivialities of life.

But there is more to it than the customary curiosity of the traveller. Occasionally there are passages which read like an account of the good-will tour of a professional Common Man. But who can blame Mr. Clarke when at almost every turn he came upon the dislike of the stiff-necked "chumps and pea-nut brains" who are taken to be symbolic of the Britisher? He is, on the whole, pleased with the work of the British Council. He is very keen that there should be exchange facilities between young British and South American journalists. He sympathises with the pride of peoples who feel that we regard them as unofficial colonials. And he tells a little of the story of the incredibly widespread and efficient organisation of the Nazis in Latin America. Mr. Clarke believes that the best way to make firm friends with these rising nations is to let them tell us for themselves what they find wrong with us, to admit our differences frankly and to emphasise our common interests. I think that is a very sensible idea. And he has made a good beginning by refusing to make the mistake of believing that when he had seen a few hundred of the town dwellers and middle classes he knew what whole peoples which are largely agrarian were thinking.

Contrary to popular belief, South America is not a hotbed of revolutionary generals and apathetic peons. Its politics, far from being a succession of meaningless *coups d'état*, are of great interest and importance. The social struggles caused by the impact of capitalism on a feudal agrarian structure, by developing industry and by the subordination of an economy of monoculture to world trade conditions, are intermingled with national revolutions that have not yet run their course. Mr. Clarke has not set out to analyse this development in detail, but he has passages which provide a short but adequate summary for one to understand the background to his work and travels. There are big changes taking place south of Panama and though much has already happened since Mr. Clarke left Buenos Aires, this is a very readable introduction to them.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

OUTSIDE HUMAN NATURE

Autobiography. By MARGIAD EVANS. *Blackwell.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Not autobiography in the usual sense. The frontispiece is a *collage* of blooms, and who Miss Evans is, where she has come from and where she is going, we have no idea at any time. The only date that interests her is the moment of writing; her events are the hour and the weather, moonlight, a snowfall, the vipers asleep on a hill-side. To annotate these (which she does with delicacy and precision) and to isolate from its human entanglements an experience, she has written a sort of nature journal covering a period of two years. The experience is intense: winter and solitude, for example, induce a mood in which detail strikes like a tuning-fork.

> . . . I saw beyond the verge of ice, and under the alder branches, two swans and their cygnets. They were as if joined to the hard, dark water. And they didn't see me or hear my footsteps. There they were, strung across the river, their lovely *evasive* bodies modelled by the touch of the water, their heads looking down into it, meditating downwards, like snowdrops into the January earth. . . .

There are other pictures as exquisite, with snow falling and ice forming, across the succession of dreary delicate days.

A mood, an experience; but for Miss Evans it's *the* experience, beyond all others, to be approached with rapture and anguish. She is a nature mystic, not all-embracing like Whitman, or penetrative like D. H. Lawrence, but with a cool, sometimes rather creepy ecstasy of her own. Odd that of all the things she has encountered, one of the most memorable should be a stoat dancing on the lawn; its innocence, its perfection, its unexpected display of a world in which (so she

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odd but significant example of the manifold effects of the heavily polluted air in which British people live and breathe. If we make the effort the immense social problem of coal smoke could be ended in a decade. *If we do, all post-war building will be rapidly disfigured by the squalor, dirt and corrosion of continued pollution.*

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feels) even the clouds have a living relation with the landscape, came to her like an apparition. The fragments of that world, as they can be pieced together by intuition, are the material of *Autobiography*—which her publisher compares, by the way, with Jefferies' *The Story of My Heart*. "This is the real me," exclaims Miss Evans more than once, when, brushing aside human existence as an irrelevance, she is lifted into her nature trance. The trouble is that such transports are not accomplished without strain. She writes in a high-pitched prose when verse would be the natural medium. She knows both too much and too little about her state. The result is a monotony of devotion, of dressing up to go to church. One finishes her book, too much aware of all that has been eft out, weary of enchantments and not a little impatient of the perspective that can reduce human beings to the size of midgets and the war to half-a-dozen sentences.

There remains, though, the observation of natural sights and a diction that can be beautifully exact. These qualities are rare enough to make the reading of her book an experience, at any rate in flashes. G. W. STONIER

A SURVEY OF PARLIAMENT

Parliamentary Representation. By J. F. S. Ross. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Ross has undertaken a task for which every student of politics must be grateful. He has analysed the personnel of the British Parliament since 1918. The results of his investigations are as important as irrefutable, though one may perhaps say that the general trend of Mr. Ross's findings was not hitherto unknown to conscientious observers of British politics. Mr. Ross proves that Parliament—and, indeed, all parliaments since 1918—is considerably over-aged as compared with the average age of the British electorate. He shows also that to have been educated at Eton gives you an 1,800 times better chance of becoming an M.P. than if you have only been to an elementary school. Considering Mr. Ross's analysis, one would be "justified in calling the Conservatives the public school party, the Liberals the secondary school party, and Labour the elementary school party." With regard to the occupational representation in Parliament, we learn that lawyers and barristers, company directors and trade union officials provide more than half the membership of the House of Commons. In fact, there are "nearly a thousand times as many barristers in the House as their numbers in the country warrant." This phenomenon is not, of course, a peculiarly English one. Parliaments in France and Germany and the U.S.A. had always a predominance of barristers and lawyers. Here is a case in point where the principle of proportional representation becomes nonsensical when confronted with the facts of the sociological and historical function of the lawyer's profession.

Mr. Ross gives also some interesting details of the aristocratic element in the House of Commons. "It is clear," he writes, "that in the average House of Commons more than two-fifths of the Conservative Party, at the lowest estimate . . . belong to families of hereditary title . . . Similarly the average strength of this element in the parliamentary Liberal party may be estimated at nearer one-fourth than one-fifth." Thus the average House of Commons shows an aristocratic element of at least two-sevenths of the total membership. The hereditary titled element, Mr. Ross estimates, has 400 times its own representation. Birth, wealth, and education provide therefore considerable privileges. A good propaganda chief in Transport House might easily win a general election with the facts submitted.

Mr. Ross then proceeds to show the impact of the majority vote on the British parliamentary system. Here, too, his analysis is not less exact, though biased by his firm, indeed, stubborn belief in proportional representation, or to be more accurate, in the single transferable vote system. With regard to the latter, Mr. Ross seems to be misguided by the mathematician's delight in figures. On paper, the single transferable vote system is certainly more logical and egalitarian, but what Mr. Ross fails to see is that the majority vote system, however unsatisfactory it may be, is only a reflection of the British two-party system. And, again, the two-party system cannot be separated from the Cabinet-system and the position of the Prime Minister. This does not, of course, imply that the present electoral system could not be improved, yet only a revolutionary change of the British socio-economic structure could produce an adequate parliamentary representation. It is ineffective to put the cart before the horse.

It is more than probable that the electoral system Mr. Ross proposes is incompatible with the imponderables of the British political institutions. In this context Mr. Ross betrays a peculiar insularity. While he admits that the Royal Commission On Systems of Election in 1910 declared that already then over three hundred methods of proportional representation we known, it would have seemed important to stu some countries where proportional representati has been tried. (Incidentally the German "p system" was, of course, a mode of proportion representation.)

I refrain from discussing Mr. Ross's scheme electoral reform, not only for reasons of spa but because I cannot accept his presupposition though I should like to draw the reader's attenti to his most illuminating discussion of financ matters relating to elections, and his fully justifi plea to raise members' salaries. Moreover, as presents his scheme of reform as an indivisib whole it is pointless for the reviewer to break up into separate items.

To sum up. Where statistical methods a adequate, Mr. Ross is admirable. Whe sociology or political science and history come the book is extremely suggestive, but does not a cannot fulfil what one would expect from brilliant and painstaking statistical illustratio The statistician, once he enters the field of t social sciences, cannot dispense with the work the sociologist or historian, however mo superior in his deceiving "exactness" he may fe himself to be. J. P. MAYER

The Substance of Politics. By A. APPADOR *Oxford Press.* 7s. 6d.

The scope of this book is enormous. It cov political theory, including international relations, history of government from the Greek city-st to our contemporary totalitarianisms, a sketch modern constitutions. Finally it deals with the orga sation of government. Thus the curriculum of wh is generally taught as political science is compres within the space of a single volume of some 500 pa The book is a convenient, though somewhat conv tional, text-book. One chapter gives an adequ description of the working machinery of Brit politics. Other parts are controversial. Is it indefensible to insert sentences like the following book which must be primarily meant as a text-bo for young students? "No realist can ignore the vices rendered by dictators to their peoples. T have successfully faced problems with which preced regimes were afraid to deal, provided employment the unemployed, increased industrial producti promoted literacy and public health, and raised prestige of their respective countries in internati politics—witness the phenomenal rise of Germany Russia to power and prosperity." (p. 233). The bibl graphies of the book are useful and help a cauti reader to come to his own conclusions about substance of politics."

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Week-end Competitions

No. 725

t by Raymond Mortimer

Prizes to the value of Four Guineas are offered for ecipes for dishes, e.g. cottage pie or homard à méricaine.

A further week is given for the submitting of tries for Competition No. 724, set by Roger ervell. The competition should read "Prizes of ur Guineas are offered for the best extracts of not re than 250 (not 25) words from a sequel to *nsfield Park*, in which Mrs. Norris brings a pre- nt to Fanny on the first Christmas after her rriage."

Envelopes should be marked with the number the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and uld be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great rnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor first post on Monday, January 3rd.

ESULT OF COMPETITION No. 722

t by Hansom Cab

The usual prizes are offered for a poem of not more than 20 lines evoking the London of forty years ago.

port by Hansom Cab

Music-halls and horse-traffic are the Edwardian mories that most excited the regrets of the com- itors. I was glad that Hassall Pitman remembered Earl's Court Exhibition and the Gibson Girl, n Johnny wheels "suddenly deadened By tan thick outside a curtained house." Tahnit has a sing couplet:

Frank Harris strolls with "Max." They meet and chat
With Sickert (in a Spanish cloak and hat) . . .

ir Robert Witt has a brilliant line: "The Arts slept, awaiting Roger Fry." Richard Pomfret ets what he never saw:

I never heard imperious Tree,
Caruso soared in vain for me.

hur Roberts, Ellaline Terriss, Dan Leno and Lily e are other figures to memory dear. Old Journalist lls the wines:

But oh! what choice for those who loved to dine
When Royal Cafés still held Royal Wine!
Scott's, Snows, Stones, Simpsons; Sweetings, Gows or Rules;
Old Blanchard's, Verreys—or new Maison Jules;
And Shiffer's "Roman" still was going strong.
Have we "progressed"? M'm, we'ell—don't get me wrong,
But most Bars *then* were open all day long.

Other entries that I enjoyed were by Towanbucket, Baital, R. T. Casson, T. R. L., E. S. Lewis, "Age 50" and Mabel Stewart. I recommend first prizes of a guinea each to Leslie Johnson and F. C. C.; consolation prizes of 14s. each to R. J. P. Hewison, Willy Tadpole and Able-Seaman J. R. Till.

LONDON: FORTY YEARS BACK.

The yellow street-lamp dimly shows
A scene that memory fondly tells,
An era ambling to its close
With clopping hoofs and jingling bells.

It shows a silken-hatted throng,
Insensible to oafish shout:
"Whoa, Emma!" "Now we shan't be long,"
And "Does your mother know you're out?"

The one-legged hurdy-gurdy's drone
Pleads with the crowds that scan the shops.
Within is heard the affluent tone
Of golden coins on counter-tops.

Brougham or bus in vain besets
The newsboy, cycling with his load
Of blushing *Globes* and green *Gazettes*,
Who whizzes down the miry road.

Now strollers stiffen in amaze
To see, while halts the city's hum,
An engine drawn by tearing greys,
Presage of fire and wrath to come.

LESLIE JOHNSON.

NOVELIST IN HYDE PARK, 1903.

In London forty years ago,
When James observed the upper classes,
What swells there were in Rotten Row!
In London forty years ago,
What subtle souls paced to and fro
With waists as small as hour-glasses!
In London forty years ago,
When James observed the upper classes.

F. C. C.

LONDON TOWN.

(A "FOLK-POEM" OF 1903.)

If you feel like a maffick, or want to see life,
If you've got half a sov. to put down,
If you like German bands, or are sick of your wife,
Just come up to old London Town!

Chorus:

London Town! London Town! It's not quite as gay as Paree:
It's shut up on Sunday, too busy on Monday—
But it's fine for a Saturday spree.

There's the hansom, the carriage, the motor, the dray—
Such traffic will puzzle you quite.
There's the gas-lamp for turning the night into day,
And the fog that turns day into night.

Chorus:

London Town! London Town! It's not quite as neat as Berlin:
It's smelly and smoky and crowded and poky,
But London's where I'm staying in.

If you want all the news there's the *Pall Mall Gazette*:
There's the "Pink 'Un" for winners and fun.
At the Cri. and at Gunter's you'll see the smart set,
At the Empire you'll meet everyone.

Chorus:

(As for first verse). R. J. P. HEWISON

Poor old Charlie! Well, 'e *was* a torff!
Honest, 'ard-workin', nowhere near well-orff,
'E'd allus lend a bob if you was dahn,
An' even sometimes rise to 'alf-a-crahn,
Harstin' no questions, neither. Poor old Charlie!
'E loved 'is 'orse, 'e did. Good oats and barley
'E'd buy for Polly's nose-bag, wiv 'er 'ay.
'E never drove no growler. Every day
'Is dainty 'ansom waited on the rank
T'er take 'is fares to 'yde Park or the Bank,
Runnin' on rubbered wheels wot made no rattle.
Polly wore bells, a lovely bit o' cattle!
An' didn't Charlie give 'er coat a shine,
Makin' me wish as that there mare was mine!
Between the blinkers 'idin' 'er big eyes
'E'd fix a net to keep away the flies.
Wiv long caps for 'er pointed ears. She'd neigh
For sugar that 'e give 'er every day
When on the cab-rank just orff Oxford Circus.
Where is 'e nah? Why, dyin' in the Workus.

WILLY TADPOLE

"Where's that goat in Piccadilly?
Where's that little shoeblack's pitch?
What's become of young Miss Vanbrugh,
Marie Lloyd and Little Tich?
Are the toffs and tarts conscripted,
And is Rothschild still as rich?"

"Now we must be getting nearer
(Please drive slowly through the Park);
What—no footmen at the doorway—
Can it be so devilish dark?"
Out he stepped into the gloaming
For his last pre-Beveridge lark.

J. R. TILL

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WINCHESTER. Musician, teaching job, Winchester, but nowhere to live. Anyone offer Jan., bed-sitt. (cook. facilities), or part. bd., out all weekdays. Box 3255.

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BALLET, January 2nd, 6.30 p.m., R.A.D. Production Club, Comedy Theatre. Members only. Full particulars from Secretary, 144 Holland Park Av., W.11. Tel. Park 7602.

CONCERT of Spanish Folk Music and Dance, Sat., Jan. 1st, 1944, at 3 p.m., Conway Hall. Organised by International Brigade Association.

RUDOLF Steiner Hall, Pad. 8219. Comm. Dec. 28th (for 6 nights) at 6.15. Mat., Sat., 2.30. French Players (Dir. Edward Stirling) in comedy "Les Jours Heureux."

UNITY. "Winkies and Champagne"—the story of the Halls, opens Thurs., Dec. 30th, 7 p.m. Bk. now. Mems. only. Eus. 3391.

ARTS (TEM. 7544). Farquhar's "The Recruiting Officer." Helpr. Krog's "On Life's Sunny Side." Mems. only. Th. Mem. 5s.

LONDON Philharmonic Arts Club, Fitzrie Hall, Polytechnic, Upper Regent St., W.1. Tues. next, Dec. 28th, at 7 p.m. Scarlatti Record Recital. Thurs., Dec. 30th, at 7 p.m., Michael Tippett on Wozzeck: Porgy and Bess; Dreigroschenoper. Admission (non-members): Tues., 1s.; Thurs., 1s. 6d. Partics. membership from Sec., 295 Regent St., W.1. (LAN. 2572.)

WIGMORE Hall, Sat., Jan. 1st, 2.45. Piano Recital, Vera Benenson. Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Prokofieff. 10s.–2s. 6d., from Hall, usual agencies or Chappells, 50 New Bond St.

Exhibitions, Lectures and Meetings

GODDESS of Mercy, Kuan Yin, in Chinese Art. Exhibition of paintings and sculpture, Berkeley Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Daily, 10–5, Sat., 10–1, Sun., 2–5. For Lady Cripps' United Aid to China Fund. Closed Dec. 25th and 26th.

ENGLISH Book Illustration since 1800. CEMA Exhibition. National Gallery. Open daily, weekdays 10–5, Sundays 2–5.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. "Aux Spectacles" Theatre, Sport, Ceremonies, also French Paintings. Hours 10–6. Sat. 10–1.

PROVISIONAL National Council for Mental Health. Course of twenty lectures on "Mental and Emotional Development of the Child under Six," for teachers, matrons and workers with children will be given by Miss Ruth Thomas, commencing Tues., Jan. 11th, 1944, at 6 p.m. 39 Queen Anne St., Wimpole St., W.1. Fee, £2 2s. Application to Hon. Sec.

"CAPITALISM or Socialism in the Post-War World?" Debate presented by Alfred Edwards, M.P. Kingsway Hall, Wed., Jan. 12th, 6.0 p.m. Speakers: Sir Herbert Williams, M.P., Conservative, Aneurin Bevan, M.P., Socialist. Some free seats available, or tickets 2s. and 4s. from Alfred Edwards, M.P., 2 Caxton St., S.W.1. Abbey 3252/3.

TWO Lantern Lectures at Besant Hall, Rodmarten Mews (rear of 50 Gloucester Place, W.1), Sat., Jan. 1st, 1944, at 5 p.m.—"Atlantis and the Past." Sun, Jan. 2nd, 1944, at 3 p.m.—"Arya and the New Age," by Mr. I. A. Hawliczek, B.Sc.

PUBLIC Lecture on Theosophy. U.L.T., 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. Every Sun., 7 p.m. Dec. 26th, "Christmas—A Universal Festival." Jan. 2nd, "What will the New Year bring?"

ETHICAL Church, Queensway, W.2. December 26th, 11 a.m., H. J. Blackham: "Prophets and Saviours."

Appointments Vacant and Wanted

None of the vacancies for women advertised in this journal relates to a woman between 18 and 41 unless such a woman (a) has living with her a child of hers under the age of 14, or (b) is registered under the Blind Persons Acts, or (c) has a Ministry of Labour permit to allow her to obtain employment by individual efforts.

NATIONAL Association of Boys' Clubs, Oxford. Boys' Club Organiser required for development work in City and County and as Secretary to City of Oxford Council of Boys' Clubs. Candidates should possess good educ. and practical exp. in Youth Service Work. Salary £350 p.a. plus expenses. Further partics. and applic. forms (to be returned by Jan. 5th) from National Association of Boys' Clubs, Branch Office, 20 Regent St., Nottingham. (Stamped addressed foolscap envelope.)

LINDSEY County Council Education Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Youth Organiser (Woman). Candidates should have had experience of club or similar work among young people, preferably in rural area. Sal. £300 p.a., rising by annual increments of £12 10s. to a max. of £350 p.a. The M. of L. have approved the appointment and will issue the necessary exemption certificate. Application forms and further partics. from F. J. Birkbeck, Director of Educ., County Offices, Lincoln.

COLONIAL Education Service, Gibraltar. Director of Education required for organisation and administration of public educ. Sal. £1,000 p.a. Recent exp. of educ. admin. essential. Knowledge Spanish advantage. Population of colony is predominantly Roman Catholic. Appointment for 3 or 4 years in first instance. Holder may subsequently be considered for posts elsewhere in Colonial Educ. Service. Further partics. and application forms Sec. (I.P.R.C.A.), B. of Educ., Belgrave Sq., London, S.W.1, or for candidates resident Scotland, Sec., Scottish Educ. Dept., 29 St. Andrew Sq., Edinburgh 2. Closing date: Jan. 12th, 1944.

EIGHT Male Christian Pacifist workers wanted for remote Cambridgeshire Fen. Potato, beet, and corn crops. Write C.P.F.L.U., Room 16, Kingsway Hall, W.C.2.

Appointments Vacant and Wanted—continued

NATIONAL Association of Training Corps for Girls is appointing officers for training, organising and inspecting duties. Applications invited from those with qualifics. in youth work. Work with a pre-service unit not essential as the training can be provided.) Special qualifics. in Dom. Science, or Hygiene and Health, or leisure activities considered. Commencing sal. £350–£400 p.a. according to qualifics. Applicants must be mobile. Nat. Assoc. not included in list of essential works, so that any applicant should ascertain from her local M. of L. and Nat. Service whether she may accept the post if selected. Application forms from the N.A.T.C.G., 46 Victoria St., S.W.1.

WAR Service with Y.W.C.A.—Leaders and Assistants for Clubs for women in H.M. Forces in many parts of country. Knowledge catering, snack cookery and ability organise informal recreation. Sal. £80—£150 resident; non-resident to scale. Interviews generally arranged locally. Women under 41 can be accepted subject obtaining permit M. of L. Applicants (not over 35), write Personnel Sec. Y.W.C.A. National Offices, 16 Great Russell St., London, E.C.1.

WANTED. Cook-general or nurse help. Small modern house near station. Boys 2½ and 4 months. Daily help kept. Apply Mrs. Ian Smith, Broughton, Virginia Water. Phone Wentworth 3290.

WANTED. Cultured man in secretarial capacity, exempt, to act as Secretary to author working on important book embodying much research. Good salary. Box 3149.

AMATEUR viola or violin wanted for serious quartet. West End. Particulars experience to Box 3159.

ASSISTANT Music Mistress reqd., Jan., one of three resident. Boys' Preparatory School with musical tradition. Individual lessons piano and violin; some aural training class work also desirable. Full details and testimonials to Headmaster, The Downs School, Colwall, Malvern.

DISPENSER required to assist doctor on 4 (or 5) evenings each week, in Bermondsey, 1½ miles from London Bridge, commencing 6.30. Apply giving details age, exp. Box 3169.

BALLETS Joos. Exp. Stage Director, with musical sense and knowledge of electrics, wanted for middle of Jan. Perm. engagement. Apply Manager, 13 King's Parade, Cambridge.

WYCHWOOD School, 74 Banbury Rd., Oxford, requires in Jan. mistresses for Mathematics and French (one resident) up to School Cert. standard; some advanced French. Apply Principal.

HOUSEKEEPER for University House, Victoria Park Sq., Bethnal Green, E.2. Supervision of domestic arrangements for war-workers' hostel, day nursery and staff. £120 p.a. and full board. Apply Warden.

PROGRESS.-minded personnel manager req. for West of England factory, 1,000 employees. Mod. outlook more important than lengthy exp. Qualifications, salary expected. Box 3260.

HOUSEKEEPER with modern dietetic knowledge wanted for Industrial Hostel and Club. Applics., stating age, educ., exp. and (briefly) views on hostel management, to Com. Council of Lancashire, Selnec House, Manchester, 14.

CONFIDENTIAL Secretary reqd. by Med. Superintendent of Country hospital near Horsham. Commencing sal. £4. Staff hostel. Work of national importance. Box 3368.

HOUSE, salary, offered hsekpr. (child welc.) by St. Christopher teacher (widow with children). 67 Lytton Ave., Letchworth, Herts.

WANTED for Junior Dept.: house-mother and assistant who can offer some other school activities. Suit two friends or married couple. Beltane School, Shaw, Melksham, Wilts.

COMPANION or domestic help. Look after baby, month, and cooking. Daily help, small modern farm house. Mother working farm full time. Quiet. Cotswold district. Any nationality or child not objected to. Reply BM/HWA, London.

REIGATE Agricultural Hostel. Vacancies for C.O.s. Intellectual interests. Sec., Friends Meeting House, Reigate Rd., Reigate, Surrey.

WANTED, married cple., handyman chauffeur and cook, on farm, 3 in family. J. R. F., New House Farm, Himbleton, Worcestershire.

COMFORTABLE home offered to residential help in modern flat. Any nationality. Free daily from 1.30 p.m. till 5.30 p.m., and usual half days. £2 p.w. Primrose 1779.

WANTED Jan., superintendent evacuated resid. nursery school, nr. Lond.; 54 children. Burnham scale. Residential exp. essent. Apply Hon. Sec., 38 Belsize Grove, London, N.W.3.

MATRON required Jan., progressive home school Bucks. Children 3–11 yrs. Capable, energetic and with real understanding of children. Box 3145.

WANTED. Reliable plain cook for small country hotel. Good wages and conditions for capable person. Five Arrows Hotel, Wadderdon, Aylesbury, Bucks.

NO FEES to Staff. All Office Posts, Bk-kpers., Sec.,Clerks. Employers efficiently suited. Expert temp. Shtd.-Typists always available. Call: Fine's Agency, 95a Praed St., W.2. PAD 3262/4.

UNIVERSITY-educated Swedish woman wants interesting work where personality, initiative, adapt., an alert, broad mind, interest in human beings and artistic flair would be assets. Exp. journalistic, lit., stage work, club management. Own typewriter; exceptional linguist. Resid. post pref. Would train. Box 3270.

EX-PUBLIC schoolmaster exempt, seeks work. Exp. garden, farm, driver, odd jobs. Accom. family essential. Box 3151.

WOMAN designer (26), A.R.C.A., N.R.D. Textiles. Exasperated by useless teaching, seeks vital constructive employment. Box 3174.

Appointments Vacant and Wanted—continued

CO., 27 (single), with 5½ previously offered maintenance, seeks [illegible] of [illegible] construction, would consider employment of service to community. Social service work. Box 3272.

INTERESTING job required, London, by alert, successful business woman where tact, ability, initiative can be used. Experienced in organising, securing personnel and staff management. Age 27. Box 3336.

REFUGEE, 45, competent, musician, humanistic educ., good organiser, wide interests, seeks occupation to use abilities. Box 3133.

CHRISTIAN Pacifist desires teaching post (uncertif.). Gen. subjects, some exp. Box 3130.

EDUCATED Swedish woman would cook for kind, cultured people, pref. Left intellectuals, in attractive home where access books and wireless. Good salary. London or sub. pref. Exc. testimonial as cook-housekeeper. Box 3271.

Schools and Educational

BEACONSFIELD School. Co-educ. Prep. School, at Crumhall, Glos. Thorough preparation Common Entr. Exam. Large grounds, highly qual. staff. C. Lyon-Maris, Headmaster.

BELTANE School, Shaw Hill, Melksham, Wilts. Boys and girls from 5 to 18 years. Good academic standards. Undisturbed district.

BEVERLEY School, Wolfelee, nr. Hawick. Children two to twelve years. Happy environment, out-of-door activities, sound musical training, excellent diet. Telephone: Bonchester Bridge 2.

FREEDOM and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland, has the full approval of A. S. Neill. Apply John M. Aitkenhead, Headmaster.

FREEMOUNT, Bacton, Hereford. Progressive education and communal home in lovely estate, parkland. Individual methods, modern health principles and dietary. Co-ed. 5–14. Katherine and Peter Young, M.A. Camb.

MALTMAN'S GREEN. Gerrard's Cross. *Head Mistress:* Miss Chambers, M.A. Aim—to develop character and intellect, respect individuality and encourage initiative. Preparation for Universities, professions. 15 acres.

ODAM Hill. Progressive country boarding school for boys and girls from 3–13. Sound education, riding, animal care, handicrafts. Mrs. Falkner, B.A., The Children's Farm, Romansleigh, S. Molton, N. Devon.

PINEWOOD, Crowborough, at The Fir Hill, Colan, St. Columb, Cornwall, for children 3 to 13, where environ., diet, psychol. and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. E. Strachan, St. Mawgan 279.

ST. MARY'S School, Wedderburn Road, Hampstead, now at Yarkhill Court, nr. Hereford (Tel.: Tarrington 233). Boys and girls, 4–16. Emphasis on languages. Modern dietary. Mrs. E. Paul, Ph.D.

SHERWOOD School, Epsom (9125). A progressive co-educational community; boarding and day; 3–18. Three vacancies for boarders over 8.

WENNINGTON Hall, via Lancaster. Growing school community, boys and girls, based prog. educational, social principles. Junr. and Secondary. Exp. graduates. Quiet area, excellent cooking. Kenneth C. Barnes, B.Sc.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities; self-governing community. Apply Miss Lee, M.A.

PUBLIC and Preparatory Schools Year Book. Official Book of Headmasters' Conference and Association of Preparatory Schools. Consult re Schools, Careers, etc., 11s. 1d. by post. Deane & Sons, 31 Museum St., W.C.1.

RELIABLE advice given (*gratis*) by Truman and Knightley, Ltd., concerning Schools for Boys and Girls, 61 Conduit Street, London, W.1 (REGent 2803). Founded 1901.

Scholarships

EDINBURGH College of Art. Andrew Grant Scholarships. Board of Management may award, March 1944, 4 scholarships, £45–£80 p.a. for 3–5 years for admission Oct. 1944. Candidates must be under 19 on Oct. 1st, 1944, and show evidence of exceptional artistic ability. One scholarship £120 p.a. for 2 or 3 years may be awarded to student who has already reached an advanced stage of training and is under 22 on Oct. 1st, 1944. College incorporates schools of Architecture and Town Planning, Design, Painting and Sculpture, and is well endowed with Travelling Scholarships and Fellowships. Application forms, further partics., from Registrar, College of Art, Lauriston Place, Edinburgh 3, by Jan. 31st, 1944.

Personal

WOMAN wants to give financial assistance in education of intelligent child. Reply with particulars. Box 3353.

S O S. 2 optimists, mod. resources, sk. 2 pleasant rms., kit., use bathrm. Box 3367.

WANTED by young business woman (26) share in a furnished flat/house pref. N. London. Interested painting, music. Speaks French and German. Box 3340.

HAMPSTEAD. Comfortable bed-sitting room offered to gentlewoman in return for cooking breakfast and supper for one lady. Advertiser, 38 Belsize Grove, London, N.W.3.

LITERARY revision of composition and style offered to foreigners writing in English, by Oxf. and Camb. research graduate experienced in such work. Box 2834.

HOUSEKEEPER wanted on small dairy farm; vegetarian for preference. Small cottage, reasonably modernised, easily run. Yew Tree Farm, Sherfield English, Romsey, Hants.

GRATITUDE and/or reward for help finding Cent. Lond. unf. flat. Box 3264.

FLATS decorated in cheerful colour schemes at reasonable cost. Barry. Pri. 1503. Box 3323.

WOLSEY HALL [illegible]

Personal—continued

GERMAN by Native. Ages Fr., It., R... Dr. W., 45 Hamilton Gardens, N.W.8.

BULGARIAN lessons f'm native resid., La... by Englishman speaking Russian. Box 3...

TURKISH translated into English by ex... Box 3134.

MOTHER (a children) offers part of furni... Bucks cottage, modernised, to offic... wife, with or without children. Rent fre... exchange for assistance in home. Box 31...

NEAR Kenwood, 2 furn. bedrooms, sit... rm., bathrm., kitchen-pantry to la... large private house. Garden produce, te... court. 41 6s. per week. Box 3183.

WANTED. Domestic help in pl... Hampstead house for professional ho... bold. Live in or out. Good wages. Box 3...

ACTORS, actresses in C.D. or able w... part-time, interested new repertory v... ture, please contact G. Palmer, 3 Parlia... Hill, N.W.3. HAM 4649.

WANTED. Mother and child share ho... gdn., N.W.2. Nr. schs., shops. Box 3...

MOTHER of two wishes to share ... country home with mother of one w... porarily or perm., with/without wages. Box 3...

SCIENTIFIC and other translations fr... and into Russian. Publishers' and o... references. Russian lessons. Box 2876.

PSYCHOLOGICAL consultations and te... ment. Philip Humphreys, 5 Thurloe ... South Kensington, London, S.W.7. Ken. 8...

ACCOMMODATION offered woman ... would keep bungalow clean for pr... sional couple. Evenings and week-ends f... Privacy respected. Sal. by arrangement. W... consider mother with schoolboy son. Real h... Write: 58 Derwent Avenue, Ickenham, Mid...

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PIANISTS—VIOLINISTS. Rapid Fin... ing, Flexible Wrists, Octave Playing m... easy (pianists), Vibrat (violinists). Descript. ... "Finger Magic" (2½d. stp.), Director, Cou... Institute, 59 New Oxford St., London, W.C...

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SHORT Story Writing. Send 6d. for sp... men lesson of world-famous cou... Regent Institute (191R), Palace Gate, W.8.

MOD. Churchmen's Union, Pres.: Sir C... Norwood (Hon. Sec., Steeple Clay... Bletchley) welc. those who "follow the s... ment wherever it leads." "Modern Chu... man" quarterly, other lit. and confs.

MONOMARK. Permanent, confiden... blitzproof London address. Letters ... directed immediately. 5s. p.a. Royal patron... Write BM/Monoi2, W.C.1.

WORLD Speedwords for quick notes; ... in one week by Dean of Canter... Stamp for details. Duttons (N), 92 Gt. Ru... St., W.C.1.

STOP Smoking. Quick, cheap, har... harmless. Grateful thousands tes... Booklet, 5d. Carlton Chemicals, 251 Birming...

BURNT, torn and moth-eaten garm... (except knitwear) invisibly mended in ... week. Send or call. Mark clearly damage ... be mended. Bell Invisible Menders, L... 73 New Bond St., W.1.

SMOKING. Unique Subconscious C... Without Will-Power, Self-Denial, Sens... Loss or Drugs. Investigate new, mod., infal... method. Bklet., two 2½d. stamps. Wainley M... Smoking Cres., B7(S), Taggart Av., Liverpool...

FOX'S History Irish Citizen Army. 6s., p... age 4d. From your bookseller or J... Duffy, 38 Westmoreland St., Dublin.

"NEWS! News! Pacifist free-verse. Is... post free. Susan Miles, Sutton Rec... Sandy, Beds.

Readers' Market

FOR Sale: Good quality pram; Cos... Camera, £27; Hornby clockwork t... accessories; clockwork trains and track; ... man steam locomotive; fishing rod, in c... air rifle.

WANTED: Cabinet-maker's bench ... circular saw; Guide book for Algiers.

Send no money or goods in reply to these ad... tisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Rea... Market, 10 Great Turnstile, mentioning adv... details. Charge under this heading 1½d. firs... 6d. a word after, including forwarding repl...

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Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y. Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by The Cornwall Press Ltd Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1; Published Weekly at 10, Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.